

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,

A Literary Register and Repository of Notes and
Queries, Shakespeariana, etc.

"What was scattered in many volumes, and observed at several times by eye-witnesses, with no cursory pains I laid together to save the reader a far longer travail of wandering through so many deserted authors. * * * * * The essay, such as it is, was thought by some who knew of it, not amiss to be published; that so many things remarkable, dispersed before, now brought under one view, might not hazard to be otherwise lost, nor the labor lost of collecting them."—*Milton, Preface to: "Brief History of Moscovia," 1632.*

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LITERARY (AND OTHER) JOTTINGS.

The books printed by the Elzevirs at Leyden and Amsterdam have long been popular for their compactness, their correctness, and the neatness of their types, although modern bibliomaniacs, whose sight is generally dimmed by age, object to the minuteness of the typography, and the diminutive margins. During the first half of the present century they were still eagerly sought for, and brought good prices in France; and J. C. Brunet, in the later editions of his "*Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur*," studiously devoted to them a special catalogue. But *habent sua fata libelli*! Some twenty years ago they were lying in great numbers on all the book-stalls in London, where their prices generally ranged from three to four pence each. Curiously enough, you can scarcely find one now in the boxes of cheap booksellers. Whither have they gone? Surely not to the shelves of bibliophiles who had so long shunned them as tiny kickshaws, unworthy of ornamenting a respectable library.—

C'est du Nord maintenant que nous vient la lumière.

They are gone to St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and have found a decent hospitality in the public and private libraries of Russia.

M. C. F. Walther, principal librarian of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, published, at the expense of Prince Tossouppoff, in 1864, a "*Catalogue Bibliographique et Raisonné*" of "*Les Elzevir de la Bibliothèque Impériale Publique de St. Pétersbourg*" (Dufour). Now M. S. J. Siennicki has followed suit by publishing "*Les Elzevir de la Bibliothèque de l'Université Impériale de Varsovie* (Imprimerie du Journal Wiecek)." The volume is well got up, in old-faced type, and illustrated with twenty-three plates on India paper, showing the various printers' marks of the Elzevirs, and the book-marks, with autographs, of the libraries from which the finest copies were collected.

The Parisian lovers of fine books—of impressions out of the common—are just now all agog about an edition of "*Manon Lescaut*," issued by a young publishing firm—Gladys Brothers. It is printed on Turkey mill paper; has illustrations by Flameng and Jacquemart, and—even more notable thing—a preface by Dumas *filis*, written with consummate literary art, and with an audacity hardly less consummate. Before proceeding to analyse the work of L'Abbé Prévost, M. Dumas takes occasion to rate the mere

book hunter, who, when he has purchased a fine copy of a *chef d'œuvre*, instead of reading it, only sends it to the binder. And from this little bit of personal audacity, Dumas proceeds to further boldness, in discussing the natures of whom Manon Lescaut is a symbol.

Our Lisbon correspondent writes: "The library of the late Dr. José Torres will shortly be sold in Lisbon, and it is known to contain many works and manuscripts of great value upon early Portuguese discoveries and archæology. Upon the Azores, their discovery and early history, there is a unique collection of books and manuscripts, perhaps one of the best in the world, for Dr. Torres made this matter his special study."

The committee appointed by the Booksellers' Convention last summer, with directions to consider the subject of trade sales, looking to a change from the present mode of conducting them, would, at this time, report that they have considered the matter, and have organized the "Booksellers' Exchange and Clearing House," appointing Messrs. George A. Leavitt & Co., Managers. The first meeting of the Exchange will take place in July next, or early in August, due notice of which, with full particulars, will shortly be published. They further report that they have instructed the Messrs. Leavitt to announce the spring trade sale to be the last under the present mode.

Cowper, Shelley, Burns and Byron are familiar instances of the fact that genius often implies a one-sided development. Cowper, for example, affects us because his powers of feeling were developed out of all proportion to his nervous strength. His emotions upset his intellect. He is a genius, not because he is stronger than other men on all points, but because he is weaker in some. His extraordinary powers of pathos would have been destroyed if one side of his nature had been strengthened. He is original because the extraordinary keenness of his feelings was not balanced by a corresponding power of self-restraint. Or, if we take genius of the most opposite type, Newton's superiority to other men was simply that he possessed in a higher degree qualities which all men possess in some degree, unless they are absolute idiots. The stupidest of men might be a Newton among monkeys, and is only called stupid because other men are Newtons to him. In this sense, therefore, genius, for anything that we can say, does not corres-

pond to a specifically different power; but is merely the name which we give to the highest known examples of the old powers.

A Life of Lord Shelburne, the minister of George III., by his great-grandson, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, will (the *Academy* says) fill up in some ways a missing chapter in English history. Papers that have turned up lately in the possession of the family throw new light on the negotiations with America that took place in Shelburne's ministry. Mr. Bancroft acknowledges his obligations to these papers in his new volume; but it did not come in his plan to use them exhaustively, as they will be used in these volumes. The first volume, taking in 1737-1766, has been published. The others may be expected before very long.

Herr Schmidt is Professor at the University of Strasbourg, and in his "Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism," which is one of King's scientific series, gives us a handbook of this modern teaching, which combines with its principles those of evolution and selection of species. The book is very well done. Herr Schmidt says, in his preface, the cry is, "avow your colors," and he has endeavored to define his position sharply. It is that of Darwin and his school. Thus the Professor, p. 81, sets down those "who require a personal God in the current history of creation" as "drawing from these facts no other inference than that their God had the whim of producing at first imperfect and subsequently more perfect organisms." Even Professor Agassiz' prophetic types "have no sense at all," and the soul of the animal and the child are the same. From this it will be seen that Faith has no stand-point in this nicely printed volume.

The Boston Public Library has issued a revised and enlarged edition of its admirable "Chronological Index to Historical Fiction," including novels, poems and plays, and embracing also the odd specialty of Crusoe literature. The body of the neat quarto pamphlet is arranged by countries, there is an alphabetical index to names of persons, etc., at the end, the preface includes citations from leading authors on the value of historical fiction, and altogether the catalogue is one of those excellent pieces of work for which the Boston Library has become famous.

We learn from Madrid that the ninth volume of the "Collection of Rare and Curious Spanish Books," issued under the direction of the Marques de la Fuensanta del Valle and Don José Sancho Rayon, will be the "Segunda Comedia de Celestina," por Feliciano de Silva. The edition is limited to 300 copies, on thread paper (papel de hilo), and in Elzevir type.

Solidified carbonic acid gas dissolved in ether reduces the temperature to 140° Fahrenheit, below zero. By evaporating this mixture *in vacuo* the temperature falls to 166°. Solid carbonic acid mixed with nitrous oxide and ether reduces it to 200°. By adding bisulphide of carbon to this mixture, and evaporating *in vacuo*, the temperature falls 20° lower, or to 220, which is the greatest degree of cold yet attained.—*Pharm. Gazette.*

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's famous essay

on "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," created an excitement in the Catholic world, both of priests and laymen, which has no similar precedent. Replies were made to it by Dr. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Monsignor Capel, and others. It is in answer to these his present document, "Vaticanism, An Answer to Reproofs and Replies," has been written. He reiterates all his former assertions, and considers them completely justified by the copious additional proofs which he offers.

We have received from Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, O., a copy of their admirably compiled "Bibliotheca Americana: A Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to America," 8vo, pp. viii, 180, which cannot fail to be of much interest to the student of American history and the collector of Americana. The publishers, on application, mail copies gratis to those interested in this branch of bibliography.

It is a pity that some leading publishing house does not put forth, what is sadly needed, a new edition of the "Basia, or Kisses of Johannes Secundus." There are few men who have had a greater experience in kissing than Henry Ward Beecher, and he would make a capital editor. His recent expositions of certain kisses unknown to Secundus, such as "the holy kiss," "the kiss paroxysmal," "the kiss of inspiration," "of love," etc., render him peculiarly adapted for the task. In description he is far superior to Swinburne, who, with Secundus, had previously almost the entire monopoly of the art of "kiss painting."

Jean Jacques Rousseau is conceded to have been the intellectual father of St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, Byron, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and a host of others in literature, and in politics of Robespierre, Paine and Jefferson, while of educational reformers, the most systematic and successful, Pestalozzi, borrowed his spirit and principles largely from him. Jean Paul, in the preface to his "Levana, or Doctrine of Education," in acknowledging his indebtedness to previous works, declares that first and last he names the Emile of Rousseau. The spots this man haunted have drawn pilgrims so unlike as Gibbon, Byron, and Napoleon.

The great work on Harvard College, according to the plan of its projectors (Messrs. F. O. Vaille and H. A. Clark, Old President's House, are the names given), promises to be one of the most ambitious volumes attempted in this country. The volume will be an imperial quarto, 11 x 14, at \$30, in cloth, and will be illustrated and historical, containing a number of engravings, full-page heliotypes of every building connected with the University, several interiors, representations of the College at different periods in its growth, portraits of a few of the former Presidents, all the professors at present in the University, with autographs and brief biographies, society rooms, and other objects of interest, making the total number about one hundred and twenty. President Samuel Elliot will write a full history of the College, and other writers, graduates of Harvard, and numbering some of the most distinguished writers in the country, will treat of the several buildings, societies, college publications, the athletic and social

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features, and the professional schools of the University. Among them may be named A. P. Peabody, J. F. Clarke, J. R. Lowell, C. E. Norton, O. W. Holmes, Samuel Longfellow, R. H. Dana, Jr., J. S. Dwight, C. P. Cranch, Col. Higginson, Emory Washburn, and hosts of others. With such writers, and the Osgood heliotypes, the work should be worthy of old Harvard.

In Germany there is a readiness to acknowledge merit in authors, which is, to say the least, flattering. Miss E. H. Hudson, the author of "The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia," has received from the Emperor of Germany a valuable bracelet, containing a portrait of his mother.

The *Portfolio* for March opens with a fine etching by Rajon from Giorgione's "Knight in Armor" in the National Gallery. The series of photogravures from Greek coins is continued, giving some of those admirable Syracusan medals whose cutting is to numismatics what the art of Phidias is to sculpture. A rather flattering article on Bouguereau, by a fellow-countryman of the artist, is illustrated too in photogravure, the example being from one of the pseudo-classical figures of this too elegant painter. The editor, Mr. Hamerton, reviews some etchings, and the article on technical method describes the processes of Holman Hunt. The only symptom in the number that is not quite reassuring is the tendency to lessen the proportion of etchings and increase that of the clever photograph prints, thus substituting "inspired chemistry" for "artistic inspiration."

One of our principal New York periodicals, conspicuous for its assumed air of high tone, has published this remarkable effusion in a prominent position

"Hush-a-by, Beecher,
On the church-top!
If Tracy bends,
Poor Beecher will drop!
If Evarts breaks,
Poor Beecher will fall!
Down will come Halliday,
Plymouth, and all!"

Can this be a specimen of the "Poetry of the future?"

Another literary journal of an æsthetic character furnishes the following: "This is the way a Frenchman reported the Brooklyn scandal:—One Grand Ecclesiastical Scandal—Great Excitement in New York, Brooklyn and Chicago—Three Clergymen in moush Troubell—Mons. Moulton, Tiltong, and Beechare have one grand controversy. Mons. Moulton is ze pastorr of ze Pleemoz church of New York, discovered by Columbus, Ohio, in 1492. Mons. Moulton is accuse of taking ze impropare lebertee wiz ze wife of Theodore Beechare, who is Mrs. Hariott Beechare Stowe, ze mozare of Onkle Tom, ze blind Pianist. Mons. Beechare also is accuse of ze impropare lebertee wiz Mons. Tiltong, daughtare of Susan B. Anthony, ze sistare of Mark Anthony, who was make love wiz Cleopatra. Mons. Tiltong have cause ze separashong of Mons. Beechare and his wife. Ze congregashong of ze Pleemoz Rock shurch will not permit Mons. Moulton to preesh longer from zat poolpeat. Ze greatest excitement prevails." Our French friend appears to understand this matter as clearly as though he had a statement to make."

The Prefect of the Seine has given a magnificent example of the way in which the authorities of his Department are accustomed to treat the historical and artistic treasures with which they have to do. The Prefect has sent to the South Kensington Museum, London, a collection of not fewer than seventeen complete works, produced at the public expense and published at the public cost, the greater number being illustrated with an artistic and scientific skill such as is to be found only in France and is never seen in official work in Great Britain, and, in fact, hardly exists here at all. Nor is the letter press of these volumes inferior to their illustrations. Several able French antiquaries, of whom some are men of high reputation, were employed to produce these texts, which exhaust the subjects. Some idea of the nature of the works may be gathered from the titles of the more important publications: 1. "Les Anciennes Bibliothèques de Paris," par M. Franklin, 6 vols., 4to.; 2. "La Topographie du Vieux Paris," par M. Berty, 2 vols., 4to.; 3. "Le Cabinet des Manuscrits," par M. L. Delisle, 2 vols., 4to.; 4. "Les Historiens de Paris," par MM. Leroux de Lancy et Tisserand, 2 vols., 4to.; 5. "Les Halles de Paris," par M. Baltard, 1 vol., 4to.; 6. "Œuvres de Lavoisier," 5 vols., 4to.: fancy the cities of New York or of London undertaking to publish anything like the "Works" of Lavoisier; 7. "Monographie du Théâtre du Vaudeville," par M. Magne. Besides these, we observe in the collection, which will soon be placed in the Art Library at South Kensington, and be accessible to every one, "Grande Vue Panoramique des Quais"; "Vues de l'Hôtel Carnavalet"; "Plan de Paris Moderne"; "Collection des Planches gravées, publiées par la Ville, d'après les Peintures Murales des Edifices," &c.

In the course of March Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold by auction the famous "Antiphonarium," presented in 1488 to the Cathedral Church of Lodi, by S. Charles Marquis Pallavicini, Bishop of the Diocese, whose gift is commemorated by an inscription engraved on marble within the Cathedral. This splendid manuscript, until lately the pride of Lodi, is written in large characters on sheets of vellum, measuring 22 inches by 16, and is bound in six huge volumes, the binding being heavy oak boards, covered in morocco, protected by brass rims, corners and bosses, with the arms of the Bishop traced thereon. The manuscript is gorgeously decorated with numerous magnificent illuminations in gold and colors. The miniatures are, it is alleged, by Calisto Piazza, usually called Calisto of Lodi, the pupil and imitator of Titian, who assisted Calisto in his paintings for the Church of the Incoronata at Lodi.

Mr. Kegan Paul's book on "William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries," will appear in the spring, says the *Academy*. It will contain portions of an autobiography of Godwin, and large selections from his correspondence, as well as from letters hitherto unpublished of Mary Wollstonecraft, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Horne Tooke, the Wedgwoods, Curran, Wolcot (Peter Pindar), Mackintosh, J. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Inchbald, and others.

Father Augustine Theiner, Protestant-born (at Breslau, 1804), was by profession a Prussian cavalry officer, when he became a convert to Catholicism in 1831, and shortly afterwards took orders. Through various degrees he reached the post of archivist of the secret Vatican archives, and enjoyed the full confidence of the present Pope, and even, in the early days when Pius IX.'s leanings were notoriously liberal, his sympathy as against the Jesuits. These gentry, among their other misrepresentations, had studiously disguised the true character of the proceedings at the Council of Trent, to which the church mainly owes its organization and discipline and exact doctrine, and that tendency toward centralization to which the Ecumenical Council gave the finishing touch. The Jesuit Pallavicini, for example, in the history of the Council of Trent, took pains to conceal or falsify the speeches which many learned and prominent bishops made in opposition to the tendency just referred to. When Theiner obtained the Pope's permission to publish the original pieces relating to the Council, every obstacle was thrown in his way. He had gone so far as to set up a printing office of his own in Rome with the aid of the Pope and of the Emperor of Austria, and had begun printing, when the Jesuits persuaded the former to revoke his permission, and the work was indefinitely postponed. Towards the close of his life, which ended only last year, Father Theiner renewed his labors in this direction, and having carried his manuscript to Agram, in Croatia, was superintending its passage through the press when death overtook him. Learned friends of his in that place resumed the work where he left it, and the report of the Council has now been published in two large quarto volumes.

It may interest our readers to hear that the Messrs. Harpers, of New York, who have published the American edition of "Dr. Livingstone's Last Journals," have forwarded already £1,000 for the family. The book is published there, as it is here, for the benefit of the children of Dr. Livingstone. The work is being translated into French and German.—*Athenæum*.

Mr. F. Norgate has in the press a volume, edited by Prof. Bucheim, of King's College, London, entitled "Humboldt's Natur und Reisebilder," containing an abridgment of Humboldt's "Personal Narrative of Travels in America," and his "Ansichten der Natur," with English notes and life of the author.

Replying to the statement made the other day in the French National Assembly by M. Laboulaye, that the great schools of Paris are almost destitute of libraries, the *Bibliographie de la France* mentions the following as the actual condition of things. The Ecole de Droit has a library of about 11,000 volumes, but the room in which it is placed is of very small dimensions, and by no means well adapted for consultation by students. The Ecole de Médecine has a library of 32,000 volumes, well cared for and placed in a handsome room, capable of seating as many as 150 readers at a time. Adjoining it is the celebrated anatomical collection, known as the "Musée Orfila," occupying a suit of six rooms. The Collège de France, unfortunately, has no library. The Ecole des Mines has a library of about 7,000 volumes.

Finally, the library of the Ecole Normale Supérieure has a collection of 30,000 volumes, devoted to general literature, and another of 10,500 volumes, devoted exclusively to science. From this it would appear that the picture drawn by M. Laboulaye is over-charged.

The *Diritto* says the Pope has taken up a project which he formed many years ago of placing twelve statues round the cupola of St. Peter's, in accordance with the idea of Michael Angelo. Twelve sculptors are to be charged each with the execution of a statue, but they are not to be chosen by public competition; nor will any artist be eligible for the work who was not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, or who has manifested any opposition to the cause of the Holy Church. The *Diritto* adds that, seeing the enormous sums which are just now being poured into the Pontifical treasury in the shape of Peter's pence, there should be no lack of funds for carrying out the project.

The indefatigable bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix) has compiled an exhaustive work on the publications of Restif de la Bretonne, a writer who flourished between 1760 and 1805, and whose works are said to throw much the same light upon the manners of French society during the period mentioned as the works of Petronius and Apuleius do upon the society of Ancient Rome. The title is as follows: "Bibliographie et Iconographie de tous les Ouvrages de Restif de la Bretonne; comprenant la description raisonnée des éditions originales, des réimpressions, des contrefaçons, &c.; notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de l'auteur, par son ami Cubières Palmézeaux; avec des notes historiques, critiques, et littéraires, par P. L. Jacob, Bibliophile. Paris, Auguste Fontaine."

The *Academy* states that we are at last to have a complete edition of the prose works of Wordsworth, which he himself expected and desired to be given to the world by Dr. Wordsworth or Mr. Quillman. The task has now devolved upon the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Rev. A. H. Wratislaw writes to the *Athenæum* concerning a Bohemian (Slavonic) manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge: "A manuscript was noticed last autumn in the 'Gale' collection in Trinity College Library, which was written in perfectly legible characters, but the language of which was not immediately recognizable. I was requested by the Rev. R. Sinker, the Librarian, to examine it, and found it to contain about two-thirds of Dalemil's Bohemian Chronicle, which traces the Czechs in verse from the Tower of Babel to the writer's own day, finishing about the year 1314. Communications with the Librarian and authorities of the National Museum at Prague, have led to the conclusion that it is of the same date with the earliest hitherto known complete MS. of this chronicle, which was lately discovered at Vienna. An edition of the chronicle was in preparation by Pan Jireczek, at Prague, but had happily not gone to press when intelligence of the Cambridge MS. arrived, and this now waits for a transcript of the newly discovered treasure. "The Cambridge MS. is in small quarto, fifteen lines to the page, and is beautifully written. It is

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possible that other Bohemian MSS. may exist in this country, besides the solitary one in the British Museum. I trust that those in whose possession they may be, or to whose knowledge they may come, will lose no time in communicating with me on the subject."

In a recent number of *Actes de la Société Philologique* (Vol. III., Paris, Maisonneuve) is a paper of M. F. Barringer on the English language as spoken in the United States of America. There is a classification of the words borrowed from foreign languages, such as Dutch in the State of New York, French in the Southern States, Spanish in California, and Indian, African and Chinese words.

A select number of Lambites celebrated the centenary of Lamb in London, by dining together. Mr. Swinburne presided. No speeches were made, and the only toast, proposed by Mr. Purnell, was "The memory of Charles Lamb."

The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester have reprinted Isaiah Thomas's "History of Printing in America, with a biography of printers and an account of newspapers."

The Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, according to the *Bibliographie de la France*, received some important accessions in the shape of gifts during the past year. More than 1,200 volumes have in this way come into its possession, principally presents from foreign governments and literary and scientific societies. Among works presented by private individuals may be mentioned the "Œuvres de Molière, Amst. 1691," given by M. Rathéry; the "Iphigénie en Tauride" of Gluck, with the texts, French, Italian, and German, by Mlle. F. Pelletan; a copy of Barbier's "Dictionnaire des Anonymes," on large paper, with numerous MS. notes by Beuchot and others, given by M. Louis Barbier; a collection of original letters by the famous Huet, Bishop of Avranches, bequeathed by M. Baudement; Acts of the Chapters General of the Dominicans in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, presented by the Library of Toulouse, &c.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the popular journalist, critic, and poet, who has gained distinction in each of these vocations, has been so greatly reduced by his labors that he has been compelled to recuperate his health by going to the Island of Jamaica for a few months.

Alfred von Reumont, the distinguished German diplomat and scholar, formerly minister at Rome and Florence, and author of numerous valuable works on Italian history, literature, and art, has lately published, in two volumes, a history of Lorenzo de' Medici ("Lorenzo de' Medici, il Magnifico," Leipzig), which will justly rank as his greatest work. Thanks to Mr. Roscoe's entertaining but extremely partial book on the same subject, there is probably no Italian of the fifteenth century so well known to the English public as Lorenzo de' Medici. Von Reumont's work embraces all points of view—historical, political, and literary—and perhaps no one was so well qualified to combine them in one book. His previous diplomatic career and profound studies in Italian literature and art have enabled him to produce a work of singular

completeness, and which will be indispensable to any student of the fifteenth century. The first book gives a condensed account of the history of Florence to the death of Lorenzo's grandfather, Cosimo. The second book embraces the period from 1464 to 1470, the life of Piero and Lorenzo's youth. The conspiracy of the Pazzi, the war with Sixtus IV., and Lorenzo's famous journey to Naples fill the third book. The most interesting portion of the work for students of literature is the fourth book, which treats in the most detailed manner (occupying over three hundred pages) of letters and art during the fifteenth century, and offers some admirable metrical translations of various poems of Lorenzo. The fifth and sixth books complete Lorenzo's history with many interesting details of Florentine life. In several valuable appendices are given bibliographical notices, a chronological table, and genealogical charts of the Medici, Pazzi, Soderini, and Visconti-Sforza families.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the enterprising booksellers and publishers of London, have purchased the remainder stock of Mr. H. G. Bohn.

State of the Law in Rome.—Allan Ramsay, in one of his letters, dated Rome, 1743 N.S., gives the following curious account of the state of the law in Rome at that time. He says:—"A young lady here has been accused by her husband of incontinency, and of a design upon his life; but the proof not being thought sufficient, she was ordered to undergo the torture, that a confession might be extorted from her; which, according to the strange law here, is necessary to a full conviction. The manner of it was thus: she was drawn up almost naked, by her hands tied behind her, to the ceiling of a room, and suspended there for an hour: which of necessity dislocated the joints, and put her to inexpressible pain: but all this she bore with the greatest patience. All Rome is of opinion that she is innocent, both from the process of the trial, and from a pamphlet published by one of the Judges. What a villain must this old fellow be, if, in order to accomplish some new amour, as many are apt to think, he could make such a sacrifice of youth, beauty and innocence! Or what a miserable jealous-pated wretch, if he could be instigated to such inhumanity by his own ill-grounded suspicions! A useful lesson this to all who may be inclined to imagine that the chief blessing of the connubial state depends upon abundance of wealth, and that this alone is sufficient to render it tolerable, if not agreeable. From hence likewise the English ladies ought to set a higher value upon the extraordinary liberty they enjoy, in a country where they are secure from all such barbarous inquisitions into their conduct."

The first book printed in italic type was an edition of the works of Virgil in 1561, by Aldus Manutius, of Venice. Most of the capital letters stand erect, showing that the veteran publisher had not perfected his scheme of sloping letters. A copy of this work was recently sold in London for £30.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, says the *Athenæum*, has in the press a work entitled "Fu-Sang; or The Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century." It will be published in London and New York simultaneously.

We hear of a proposed new edition (to be published by subscription by Mr. Joseph Foster, the compiler and publisher of the recently-issued volumes of Lancashire and Yorkshire Pedigrees) of Roger Gale's "Registrum Honoris de Richmond," which was originally issued, folio size, in 1722, and is now very scarce. Of this new impression only sixty copies are to be printed. The plates which appeared in the original edition are to be reproduced, and, in addition, a number of the engravings from Turner's pictures which appeared in Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire" will be incorporated.

A very touching exchange of presents has (the *Academy* says) just taken place between the Queen and the Empress Eugénie. Queen Victoria sent to the widow of Napoleon III., immediately after her return to Chiselhurst from her visit to Windsor Castle, the first volume of Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"; and this week (*Pall Mall Budget*, Feb. 19) the Empress Eugénie has presented to Queen Victoria a superbly bound copy of the first two volumes of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III."

Mrs. Procter will publish the autobiography left by Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) in the course of the year. As Mr. Procter knew all the distinguished men of the present century, the book is likely to be of interest.

The Abbate Franz Liszt has forwarded for performance to Herr Hans Richter, of Pesth, a new and original cantata, for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra. It is founded on a poem by Longfellow. According to report, the Abbate and his son-in-law will give some concerts next month for the benefit of the Baireuth enterprise.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," has sent the following letter to the English literary journals:

Sir,—By the death of my poor playmate, Thomas Miller, his two orphan daughters are left in distress. Since their father was so hard a worker, and so poorly paid for his work, they seem to have a fair claim for help. Those who, in compassion, will help to raise a fund for their permanent relief, will please send their cheques or money-orders to the Rev. S. B. Sikes, Halstead Rectory, Sevenoakes, Kent; or to J. Smith, Esq., Manager, London and County Bank, Newington Butts, London; or to myself.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., THOMAS COOPER.

We willingly reprint it, especially as, by the aid of Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), Mr. Miller, the Basket-maker Poet, was enabled to set up as a publisher in Newgate Street, where he figured for some time, alas! at a loss, being a proof that, as a rule, an author cannot be at the same time the producer and distributor of his goods, however fondly he may think so. But towards the two orphan daughters of a true and pure poet we can have nothing but compassion, and ask those who can help to communicate with Mr. Thomas Cooper, Portland Place, St. Mary's Street Lincoln, England.

M. Michelet provided by his will that the complete edition of his works, of which he had never sold the copyright, should be prepared by his wife, who had given him much literary assistance during his life. Some of his heirs objected, and brought the subject before the tribunal at Paris, stating that it was to be apprehended that Mme. Michelet would

publish with the edition writings of her own as her late husband's. The tribunal declared this objection to be unfounded, and decided that Mme. Michelet is to prepare the complete edition of the works, which must be published uninterruptedly, and that the copyright for the next forty years is to be put up for sale at the price of 150,000 francs, which, it is expected, will be considerably exceeded by the bidders.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

It has since been disposed of. Among the persons present at the sale were MM. Charpentier, Dentu, Michel Lévy, Lachaud, Lacroix, and others of the principal publishers of Paris. The whole was put up in one lot at the price of 196,000f. No bid was made, and the amount was gradually reduced to 50,000f. Others of a small amount were then forthcoming, until finally MM. Lévy brothers were declared to be the purchasers at 56,000f.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"When found make a note of."—*Capt. Cuttle*.

[OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—that they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to puzzle out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.—ED.]

Authors Wanted.—

"Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel,—below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel, there flows,
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed."

"Somne, veni! et quanquam certissima mortis
imago es

Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!

Huc ades, haud abiture cito; nam sic sine vitâ

Vivere, quam suave est, sine morte mori."

"Non tumultum curo; sepelit natura relictos."

"If the first meaning of imagined words
Had not been dulled by long, promiscuous use,
And their fine sympathies and nice accords
Lost by misaffection and abuse"

Wanted—1. The author's name. 2. The poems or works wherein the lines occur. 3. The continuation or conclusion of the last quoted extract.

VERDANT GREEN.

Irish Bulls (vol. vi, p. 128).—The following is the title of a book in my library:

"Paddiana; or, a Dissertation, Philosophical and Analytical, Critical and Satirical, on Irish Bulls. To which is added a collection of Blundering Songs and Sayings." Baltimore: Printed for G. Douglas, 1803.

J. F. PRATT.

349 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.

"*That Won't Wash.*"—Is there anything new under the sun? The slang phrase "that won't wash," lately come into use among a certain class, seems to have had some currency in the days of the Troubadours, if the following extract from the writings of the Troubadour Pierre Vidal, who lived in the time of Richard I, of England, may be taken as testimony to that effect. St. Palaye, in his prose version of Vidal's Poems, reports the latter as saying, in reference to the degree of fidelity that a knight might expect of his lady-love:

"Il faut maintenant vous expliquer pour quelle offense le chevalier est en droit de quitter sa dame, sans jamais lui pardonner, quelque puisse être son repentir. C'est lorsqu'après lui avoir accordé les dernières faveurs, elle a pour un autre la même complaisance. *Ce crime ne peut se laver.* Car comme il n'y a rien de plus beau que la vertu dans une dame, aussi n'y a-t-il rien de plus affreux que son déréglément."

The sentence that I have italicized, "This crime can not wash itself," is sufficiently like its modern slang brother, I think, to justify us in giving the old Troubadour the credit of originality. X.

Alexandria, Va.

Books Burned by the Hangman.—A pamphlet, called "The Monster of Monsters," printed in Boston, in 1754, was ordered, by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, "to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in King street, Boston."

Was there any other book or pamphlet, printed in this country, ever thus ordered to be burned by the hangman? G. B.

Literary Productions of the Bonaparte Family.—*Descent of Napoleon Bonaparte* (vol. vi, pp. 71-153, vii, p. 11.)—Napoleon's own indifference to "the claims of long descent," and his desire to be himself considered the founder of his family, are well enough known; nevertheless, his family before him was both noble and ancient. See "The Genealogical Letter of the Buonaparte Family," by M. Augustin Carli Rubbi, Count of Lemberg, appended to "The Napoleon Dynasty," by the Berkeley Men (New York, 1852), where the family is traced back to the twelfth century. ERL RYGENHOEG.

Greenville, Ala.

Printers' Devils.—

"Talking of a very respectable author, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil.—*Reynolds.* 'A printer's devil, Sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face and in rags.'—*Johnson.* 'Yes, Sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her.'—*Boswell*, iv. 349, ed. 1811.

In this anecdote neither Sir Joshua, nor Johnson, nor the "large company" who were present, express any surprise at the existence of a female printer's devil. Is it the fact that women or girls, of marriageable age, were commonly or at all employed as "printers' devils" in Johnson's time, or have been so employed before or since; and who was the "respectable author"?

A. J. M.

Jonathan Odell.—The writer will be greatly obliged for any information concerning the ancestry of the Rev. Jonathan Odell, joint author of "Loyal Verses of Statesbury and Odell." WM. H. KING.
Yonkers, N. Y.

Mottoes of Magazines, &c.—

"When found, make a note of."—*Notes and Queries.*

"Auspice Musæ."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Aliusque et idem."—*Do., New Series.*

"Good words are worth much and cost little."—*Good Words.*

"We want nothing but facts."—*The Antiquary.*

"To the solid ground

Of Nature trusts the mind which builds for aye."

—*Nature.*

"Inter silvas academi quærere verum."—*The Academy.*

"Ars artis causa, itaque hominis." The art itself is Nature."—*Art.*

"From this Root (the Forest Law) has sprung a bastard slip, known by the name of the Game Law. . . . Both alike were founded upon the same unreasonable notions of property in wild creatures, and both were productive of the same tyranny to the commons."—*Game Law Circular.*

"Veritas et varietas."—*The Tatler* (*Dublin University Magazine*, Feb., 1867).

The list might be augmented.

J. MANUEL.

"*Rosalie, or Rose Poe*" (vol. vii, p. 18.)—The newspaper clipping in regard to the death of this lady, referred to by "Erl Rygenhoeg" in the February number of the BIBLIOPOLIST, was no doubt taken from *The Washington Evening Star*, of July 22d, 1874. She died on that date in the Epiph-

any Church Home, a charitable institution of this city. Her name, as given by the authorities of the Home,—to whom she had doubtless furnished it herself—was *Rose*, not "*Rosalie*." The latter was, most likely, a fancy or poetic license of her brother. I may add that Miss Poe was believed by the authorities of the Home, where she spent her latter days, to be not only the last of the family, but, indeed, the last of the immediate relations of the late distinguished poet. S. H. K.

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1875.

"*Taking a Sigh*" (vol. vi., p. 130: vol. vii., p. 19).—Theodore Hook (?) has it in his capital parody on "*Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene*," which appeared in *John Bull* at the time of Earl Durham's recall from Canada. Here are the words, if I may trust my memory after so many years:

"Then extending his hand with the fingers spread wide,

To the tip of his nose his right thumb he applied,
And thus to his feelings gave vent:

"Behold me, thou false one," &c.

In my school days it was customary to apply the left hand to the extremity of the right, either repeating the spread hand, or making the closed right hand revolve round the little finger of the left. This latter we called "*coffee grinding*." It is mentioned in Bon Gaultier's "*Book of Ballads*," in that masterly parody on "*Locksley Hall*:"

"Coffee-milling care and sorrow with a nose-adapted thumb."

The two hands extended continuously from the nose used, I think, to signify an imputation on the length of the nose of the person confronted. But of this I am not sure.

In these degenerate days a modified sight is taken by our school-boys, consisting of the right hand hooked, with the first finger applied to the nose, and the thumb to the chin. What it means I have not the remotest notion; but it usually provokes a "*mill*," or at least an ebullition of "*cheek*."

JABEZ.

Magalhaens, or Magellan, the Portuguese Navigator.—

"One of his cousins, Francisco Serrao, who, in 1511, first went to Ternate, married a woman of that island and settled there, having contrived to secure

the good will of the Malay sovereign. He thence communicated to Magalhaens the great commercial advantages which might be secured by foreigners from intercourse with his adopted country.—*Prince Henry the Navigator*, p. 423.

Magellan served in India from 1505, and was present at the taking of Malacca in 1510. Are there any existing families on the island of Ceylon pretending to claim descent from him? E.

Paul Jones' Action (vol. vi., p. 154: vii., p. 15).—In reply to Mr. Elton's request for any particulars of Mr. Thomas Mitchell, or of his works, I beg to say that I have a painting by him, 40 in. by 26 in., a gift to me from the family to whom it was presented by Mr. Mitchell. It is believed to represent the fleet of Vice-Admiral Osborn, of the Red, getting under weigh at Spithead. His flag-ship was the Somerset, 64; and there are altogether fifteen ships in the picture, which corresponds with the number under his command which sailed to watch Brest in January, 1756. The painting has been much injured, I am sorry to say, by over-cleaning, before it came into my possession.

In the *Navy List* of 1768 Mr. Thomas Mitchell's name appears as Master Shipwright's Assistant at Chatham Yard, at which time Thomas Slade and John Williams are named as Joint-Surveyors of the Navy. Mr. Mitchell afterwards became Assistant Surveyor of the Navy. He was considered a good sailor as well as ship-builder, and his paintings were admired by naval men for their correct nautical detail in delineation.

His son, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, Master Shipwright of Sheerness Yard from about 1794 to 1801, possessed at that period many of his father's paintings.

W. DILKE.

Chaucer.—The *Monthly Catalogue* for January, 1714-15, contains the original advertisement of Urry's edition of Chaucer. It runs thus:

"By Subscription.

"Whereas John Urry, Student of Christ Church, Oxon, has obtained from her late Majesty Queen Anne, a Licence for Printing the Works of the celebrated Jeffrey Chaucer, corrected from all the Printed editions, and from several rare and ancient MSS. not hitherto consulted. From the collating of which he has restored many single Lines, and added

several Tales never yet printed; by which Alterations, Amendments, and Additions, the Work is in a manner become new. Thirty Copper Plates by the best Gravers, will be printed before each Tale, a more compleat Glossary and Table will be added at the end. A small Number will be Printed on Royal Paper at 50s. per Book; and those on the finest Demy at 30s. Half to be paid in Hand.

"Subscriptions are taken in by the Undertaker Bernard Lintott, between the Temple-Gates, and by most Booksellers in London and the Country. N. B. A new Black Letter, Accented, has been cast on purpose for this Work, for the Ease of the Reader."

W. E. A. A.

Epiaphiana (vol. vi., pp. 71, 106).—In the *British Stage and Literary Cabinet* for December, 1821, is a different version of the epitaph, which gives no opportunity for the smart reply. It is said to occur at Buckleigh, Devonshire, Eng.:

"Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here lie I because I'm poor.
The farther in the more you pay,
But here lie I as hot as they."

In the same periodical for February, 1819, p. 62, the following, it is said, "may be seen," in the churchyard of Thetford, Norfolk, Eng.:

"My grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with a mortification in his thighs;
My sister dropped down dead in the Minories;
But the reason why I am here, according to my thinking,
Is owing to very good living and hard drinking:
Therefore, good Christians, if you wish to live long,
Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or anything strong."

I have seen the latter in several collections and jest books. Has any reader of "N. and Q." seen it at Thetford, or the other at Buckleigh? If so, I shall be glad to see the whole inscriptions, with names and dates, which are great checks to the practice of giving an air of authenticity to jokes by the names of places.

FITZHOPKINS.

The following is to be found upon a tombstone in the burial ground belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church at Swedesborough, New Jersey. This church was originally a Swedish Lutheran Church, but since the revolution has formed one of the churches of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Swedish Lutheran Church having been an Episcopal Church:

"Underneath this marble lie the Remains of William Mattson, the son of Thomas and July Mattson, who died October 30th, 1799, aged 68 years. The deceased through life maintained the character of an honest man, and at the close thereof with pious zeal bequeathed all his Estate Real and Personal (after the decease of his Widow) to the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of the Church at Swedesboro for the support of the Gospel in the said Church forever.

"Go thou and do likewise."

This last line is cut in italics upon the stone.

UNEDA.

Philadelphia.

Napoleon's Library.—A year ago there were to be met with in old booksellers' shops volumes said to have been rescued from the late Emperor's library in the Palais Royal, and all bearing evidence of the effects of fire upon their bindings. I possess one of these, which was further said to have belonged to the first Emperor. In evidence of this the title-pages are stamped "Bibliothèque du Citoyen Napoléon Bonaparte." Now, in the work in question is Bolingbroke's letters, printed at Paris in 1808. I feel some doubt as to its genuineness, for, as Napoleon had then been sometime Emperor, it seems hardly probable that his librarian would continue to use an old stamp of the "Citizen." If it were done so, it must have been by the Emperor's order, and would tend to show that he clung to the memory of his citizenship, and did not consider it wholly merged in the Empire.

EDWARD SOLLY.

"*God Save the Mark*," &c. (vol. vi., p. 129: vii., p. 18).—Mr. Chattock says that—

"Quite recently there existed a peculiar mode of swearing amongst the profane and vulgar in Warwickshire. A man would utter an imprecation, and then immediately add, parenthetically, 'God forgive me that I should say so.'"

This reminds me that when I was a boy I was often a guest at the house of a Worcestershire squire, who kept a pack of hounds, and was quite a picture of the "fine old English gentleman." But he was terribly given to profane swearing, though every oath was instantly followed by the exclamation, "May God forgive me for swearing."

CUTHBERT BEDI.

Names of States (vol. vi, pp. 112, 126).—In the AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST for Sep

tember and October, 1874, a correspondent gives a list of the sobriquet of twenty-four States of the Union, to which, in the same article, is added the names by which Wisconsin and Nevada are known. The writer then asks some other correspondent "to supply the popular names of the remaining States," and I will add what few are known to myself. Nebraska is popularly known as the "Antelope State," Kansas as the "Jayhawk State," Florida as the "Flowery State," Minnesota as the "Martin State." The inhabitants of Missouri are called "Pukes."

If the provincial names of the other States are known to any of your readers I, too, should be glad to see them in the "Repository of Notes and Queries."

W.

May I add one or two observations on this subject?

5. The correct name of Rhode Island is Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations. It was settled by Roger Williams, the Quaker, who was driven from Massachusetts by the persecutions of the Puritans.

7. New York was originally settled by the Dutch, and therefore called the New Netherlands. After it was taken by the British, it was called New York.

8. New Jersey was originally settled by Swedes. An interesting manuscript has recently been translated and published by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, about its early colonists.

12. Virginia was named after Queen Elizabeth by Sir Walter Raleigh.

13 and 14. The two Carolinas were colonized by Protestants, under patent obtained by the celebrated Admiral de Coligny, in 1562, from Charles IX., and the first expedition was commanded by Jean Ribaud.

15. Georgia was so called by Governor Oglethorpe, in honor of George II. 18. Louisiana, so named after Louis XIV., was Law's "Mississippi scheme."

WEB—

Philadelphia.

New Works Suggested by Authors (vol. vi, p. 151).—

"*Witchcraft*.—We yet want a full, elaborate, and satisfactory history of witchcraft. Hutchinson's is the only account we have which enters at all at

length into the detail of the various cases; but his materials were generally collected from common sources, and he confines himself principally to English cases. The European history of witchcraft embraces so wide a field, and requires for its just completion a research so various, that there is little possibility, I fear, of this desideratum being speedily supplied."—James Crossley, Esq., in Pott's *Discovery of Witches in the County of Lancaster* (Chetham Soc., vol. vi, p. lii).

J. E. BAILEY.

"*As Sound as a Roach*" (vol. vi, p. 118; vii, p. 19).—In the fourteenth-century poem of the Chevelere Assignee, published by the Early English Text Society, 1868, I find the line—

"Fyue cheynes I haue : & pey ben fysh hole,"

contrasting them with one chain which had been broken. This instance and those quoted, make it probable that the fish, and not the saint, is referred to in the above phrase.

HENRY H. GIRAS.

Considering that the Italians have the phrase "*essere sano (vispo) come un pesce*" (to be as healthy, *i. e.*, lively, as a fish), and that we are given several instances of "*as sound as a trout*," where it is not even suggested that *trout* means anything else than the fish, it seems to me nearly certain that *roach* in the same connection also refers to the fish, and not to Saint Roche. Why *trout* and *roach* should be particularly selected as examples of *health* and *soundness*, I do not exactly see, excepting that they are common and familiar fish, and were probably still more so when fewer sea fish were taken, and fresh-water fish were more esteemed than they are at the present time. But I do see a reason why fish in general should be regarded as exceptionally healthy and sound. No one ever catches a diseased fish angling, for the simple reason that a fish, if he is unwell, will not bite, and even when nets are used, and fish are taken in large quantities, unhealthy fish are very few and far between, for the simple reason that it is especially upon such fish that the cannibals of the class feed. Besides which, the water in which they live hide them from our view, and less is known about them than about animals, and so they are doubtless reputed more healthy than they really are.

F. CHANCE.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

[New works forwarded for review will receive the most careful consideration at our hands.—Ed.]

THE CAPTIVITY OF HANS STADE OF HESSE IN A.D. 1457-1555 AMONG THE WILD TRIBES OF EASTERN BRAZIL. Translated by Albert Tootal, Esq., of Rio de Janeiro, and Annotated by Richard F. Burton. (Printed for the Hakluyt Society.)

[From the *Athenæum*.]

This is one of the most curious works issued by the Hakluyt Society. In a Preface of fifty-seven pages, Capt. Burton "guides the reader over the hundred direct geographical miles of coast between Santos and Ubatuba, the scene of Hans Stade's travel and captivity." The Preface is followed by thirty-three pages of Introductions, also by Capt. Burton, in which there is a valuable dissertation on the Indians of the Brazil, with a notice of the principal works relating to that country. We have then two pages of Bibliography by Mr. Markham, and next the "Veritable Historie" of Hans Stade's experiences, dedicated to the Landgrave of Hesse and Count of Catzenellenbogen, with a Preface by Dr. Dryandri, who gives reasons for believing Hans Stade, and bids us not to doubt certain astronomical and physical facts, or even the paradox of the antipodes on account of its strangeness, and appeals for further support to the book of the learned Master Caspar Goldworm, which treats of many miracles, wonders, and paradoxes, "and will shortly be put in print." Hans Stade's "Veritable Historie" is enriched with notes by Capt. Burton, and sets out some particulars of two voyages, the first of which "lasted sixteen months, from April 29, 1547, to October 8, 1548," says Capt. Burton; but eighteen months according to our computation, "the second about six years from the fourth day after Easter, 1549, to February 20, 1555."

In the first voyage, Hans Stade, who was a man of adventurous spirit, and eager for travel, started with the resolution of visiting India, and went from Bremen to Holland, and thence to Lisbon, where he found that "the King's ships which sailed to India had departed," so he took service as gunner with one Capt. Pintado, who had orders "to seize such ships as commended with the white Moors of Barbary, and French ships trafficking with the savages in Brazil." This ship went first to Madeira, and victualled at Funchal, "the field of fennel." It then visited Arzilla, thirty miles from Tangiers, and there captured a prize, took it to Madeira, and sailed for Brazil, reaching Brannenbucke, or Pernambuco, "sea-arm," after eighty-four days without seeing land. Here Hans assisted in defending the Portuguese settlement of Garasu, properly Iguaraçu, "big canoes," from the savages during a month's siege. His ship then sailed to a place called Buttugaris, forty miles distant, where it attacked a French ship, but was beaten off with loss, and forthwith set sail for Portugal. At the Azores, Capt. Pintado captured a vessel, "which proved to be a pirate," but which luckily contained much bread and wine, "wherewith we refreshed ourselves. He then sailed from Terceira with a fleet of nearly one hundred vessels, and arrived at Lisbon without further incident.

After a fitting rest, Hans next embarked in an

English ship, and sailed to the most southerly island of the Azores, where the vessel loaded with wine, and then went to Seville. Here Hans took service with Don Diego de Senabrie, who was going with three ships to Rio de Plata, and was to be Governor of the countries he conquered. On the fourth day after Easter they sailed from the mouth of the Guadalquivir to Palma, one of the Canary Isles, and thence to Cape Verd, and so to the island of S. Thomé; and after a six months' voyage they reached Supraway, or Superaqui, the tongue of land which forms the north passage into the Bay of Paranagua, which is in S. Lat. 25° 34' 8". Thence they sailed for S. Catharina, 30 leagues to the south, and by a strange coincidence entered it on St. Catherine's Day, May the 5th, 1549, and stopped there three weeks, and then learned that the third vessel of their squadron had been lost. Having prepared six months victual, they were about to sail, when they lost the principal ship of the three, so that there remained only one, and then, for some reason which is not given, they lay there two years, undergoing great hardships, so that they ate "lizards, field-rats, and other strange animals." At last, one party started for Asuncion, 300 miles off by land, and the rest sailed in the remaining ship for S. Vicente, which was 70 leagues to the north of where they were; and having proceeded about 40 leagues, they were shipwrecked at Itanhaem, which was, for a time, the capital of the Province of S. Paulo, but lost that rank in 1679. It is ten miles from S. Vicente island, and we suppose to the south of it, though this narrative does not say so, and the maps do not show either place. Five miles north of S. Vicente is Brikioka, or Bertigio, opposite to which, on the island of S. Amaro, in a ruin, once a fort, in which Hans Stade agreed to serve as gunner for four months; and when that time was over, he made a further engagement for two years. The place is a few miles north of Santos, where Capt. Burton was Consul from November 10, 1865, to July 28, 1868; and he made frequent excursions to it; but we shall come to that presently. While at S. Amaro, which Hans Stade calls Sancte Maro, he was captured by the savage Tuppin Imbas, or Tupinambás, Indians who ate their prisoners. How long he had been in the fort before this happened does not appear, for all that Hans says is, "it happened once upon a time," but the date of his escape is clearly given as the 31st of October, 1554, "when we sailed out of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and again made for France." The ship in which Hans returned to Europe was the Catharina de Wattavilla, of which Wilhelm de Moner was captain, and Franco de Schantz mate. The names of these good men deserve to be recorded, for they not only saved Hans without offending the savages, but they also generously relieved his wants; whereas another French ship to which he had previously applied for succor repelled him, and its boat's crew refused to take him on board, even when he swam out to sea to it; nay, one of these Frenchmen encouraged the savages to eat the unfortunate Hans, telling them the malicious falsehood, that he was a Portuguese. Hans gives some interesting details of his captivity, and enlarges at great length on the cannibalism of his captors. If any one still doubts that there have been tribes who from time immemorial made it a practice to eat human flesh, his in-

credulity ought for ever to be dispelled by this "Veritable Historie," which bears the evident impress of truth. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that this trait in the character of the Indians argues an exceptional ferocity on their part. On the contrary, they were vastly less cruel than their brethren in North America. Far from torturing their victims, they fed them well, and simply knocking out their brains with considerable ceremony and decorum when they were fat enough to eat. They treated them, in fact, as turkeys, or sometimes as capons, allowing them, in some cases, to have wives, and bringing up their children carefully, to be disposed of as food in the same manner as their parents, when fully grown. Other curious matters relating to these Indians, such as the lying-in of husbands when their wives gave birth to children, we must leave to the reader.

Capt. Burton's account of the coasting voyage from Santos to Ubatuba is minute and extremely interesting, but we make the distance 125 rather than 100 miles. The sea is a rough and dangerous one, but, fortunately, as a series of islands lines the coast, there are secure havens in the channel between them and the mainland. Thus the Rio de Bertioiga is a sea-arm fifteen miles long, with a muddy bottom, and sufficient water for good-sized vessels. At the river Una, which divides Santos from Sao Sebastiao, Capt. Burton saw the bones of an immense sea-monster, the description of which might do very well for the sea-serpent, it being represented as 216 feet long. He saw the skeleton of a whale 99 feet long. The Canal of Sao Sebastiao is another land-locked channel, about ten miles long. One or two things in the notes are hard to be understood, as where we are told of "the singular folly or knavery of attempting to stock the land with British peasantry, *the meanest of races*." It is not so that we have been accustomed to think of that "bold peasantry, their country's pride." At all events, we prefer them to the peasantry of Brazil, who are much addicted to the use of the knife, and when they want to get rid of an official, hang up a he-goat before his door with its throat cut, and the following imperfect distich—

— old goat, Xarapim!

Beware we don't gash you, as we've gashed him!

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST: IN FOUR BOOKS. By Thomas à Kempis. A new translation. (Rivingtons.)

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST: FOUR BOOKS. Translated from the Latin, by W. Benham, D.D., Vicar of Margate. [Printed with Borders in the Ancient Style after Holbein, Dürer, and other Old Masters, containing Dances of Death, Acts of Mercy, Emblems, &c., and a variety of curious Ornamentation. Macmillan & Co.]

It is one of the standing curiosities of literature, which the lapse of time seems to increase rather than diminish, that a book of the character of the "Imitation of Christ" cannot, even now, with certainty, be attributed to its real author. We are told, on the authority of Mr. Hallam, that probably no book has had a larger circulation, excepting only the

Scriptures. Dean Milman assures us that it has been more frequently reprinted, and translated into a greater number of languages, than any other work. And yet, Who wrote the "Imitation?" is a question as far from solution to-day as it was two centuries and a half ago. No fewer than eleven claimants have appeared to appropriate the honors of its authorship; but the competition has been much narrowed, and may now be said to lie among three. One of these is John Gerson, a secular priest, Chancellor of the University of Paris, in 1392, and a leader of the Gallican Church in his day. Another claimant is John Gersen, if indeed his existence is not wholly imaginary, and his name a misnomer for Gerson. Be that as it may, he has supporters who allege that he was a Benedictine Abbot at Vercelli, in Italy, and died in the middle of the 13th century, twenty years before Dante was born. The third candidate for the distinction of authorship is Thomas Von Kempen, or à Kempis, a Canon Regular of the Augustinian Order, during the first three-quarters of the 15th century. A controversy that has raged at various periods during two and a half centuries, and has enveloped a hundred volumes, cannot be summed up in a single page. But, in a few words, it may be observed that, out of France, the general consent of literary judges seems to be to drop the Chancellor of Paris, for this reason among many others, that his stirring life in the world must have been utterly at variance with the spirit of the meek, resigned, solitary ascetic, which breathes in every page of the "Imitation." Moreover, in a list of Gerson's works, written by himself, the "Imitation" does not occur. Gersen is not so easily set aside: Bellarmine, Mabillon, and most of the Benedictine order have stood by him. His claim rests on a manuscript of great antiquity, which ascribes its authorship to him. But then, again, a reference to Dante's "Great Vision" has been detected in the "Imitation." If that can be established, Gersen, too, must retire; for he was dead before the poet of Florence was born. There remains only Thomas Von Kempen, or à Kempis; and there can be no doubt that his position is a very strong one, if it cannot be said to be absolutely impregnable. Of course, all or nearly all the Flemish and German writers support him; but that of itself cannot be taken as conclusive. The opinion of the Sorbonne in Paris is entitled to much greater weight; and that opinion was declared in favor of à Kempis. (Hallam, *Introductio Lit. Europe, I.*) Then we have the testimony of many early editions which bore his name, and among them one of the very earliest, dated 1471. Add to this a general tradition, onwards from his own day, extending over the greater part of Europe, and nowhere clearer or more unanimous than in England. Milman seems to have been convinced chiefly by a comparison of the "Imitation" with other works of its author, about which there was no dispute. The historian of "Latin Christianity" declares: "To me, though they are inferior, the other devotional works, and even the sermons, if not quite so pure, are more than kindred; they are absolutely the same in thought, language, and style." Mgr. Malou, late Bishop of Bruges, in his monograph of the whole subject, brings forward many more intrinsic evidences in support of à Kempis; but we need not pursue the

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subject farther. How, in the face of so much probability, to say the least, Mr. Benham can pronounce, as it were off-hand, that "there seems no doubt that Kempis's authorship must be a mistake," it is not easy to understand. We notice that his publishers do not adopt his repudiation of the German. They advertise the translation as the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas Kempis," and no doubt they are right. English readers know of no other author of that work. His name is as familiar to them as the name of the book itself.

It is upwards of four centuries since Thomas à Kempis left this world, and nearly five since he entered it; for he lived to the great age of 91. His parents were poor people, residing at Kempen, a hamlet near Cologne. His birth occurred 1378 or 1379. For some reason not ascertained he acquired the nickname or surname of Hammerlein, or the little hammer, afterwards Latinised into Malleolus. About the age of six years Thomas was sent to school at Deventer, to an establishment belonging to a religious society of "Brethren and Sisters of Common Life" (or life in common), founded not long before, by Gerard de Groot, and which grew to be popular in Holland and Lower Germany. At a later period Erasmus acquired the rudiments of his vast learning at one of the schools of this community. At the age of 21 Thomas entered the institute of the Augustinian Canons Regular at Zwoll, a small country town near Utrecht. Six years afterwards he was fully admitted into the order; and, as far as is known, passed the greater part of his life in the same convent of Mount St. Agnes. His brother John, also, was an inmate of the same house. Thomas filled many of its offices in succession, and was much employed in transcribing the Bible and other works of a religious character. For three or four years he seems to have changed his residence, in consequence of troubles arising from disobedience to his ecclesiastical superiors. But at the end of that period he returned to his convent, where he lived for fifty years more, dying in 1471. He is said to have been a little man, with a very piercing eye. Charles Butler reports the finding of his body in 1672, but gives no authority. Besides sermons, à Kempis left behind him several works, such as "The Soliloquy of the Soul," "The Garden of Roses," "The Valley of Lilies," hymns and spiritual canticles. Their identity in thought, language, and manner, with the "Imitation," as we have seen, pleads forcibly for his authorship of this also. The "Imitation of Christ" is so named from the title of the first chapter, which is now given to the four books. Not unfrequently, too, it has appeared in an English dress under the name of the "Following of Christ." It would be idle to sound its praises at this day. "It is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph," says George Eliot, "not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones." And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps with "serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent, far off heavens, and with the same passionate desires,

the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."—(*Mill on the Floss*.) There is nothing more remarkable in the character of this unique work than the facility with which it lends itself to translation into other languages, more particularly into those of Roman descent, as Milman has pointed out. Very many translations of it into English have been made, from time to time, as the charm of the work began to be felt even underneath the tones that associated it with the cloister. Of course there are parts of it less suitable for the reformed churches. Editions have been issued wanting the entire fourth book. Other translations, like Mr. Benham's, break down at several critical passages, and for the moment the translator becomes the adapter and commentator. We can detect no such tampering with the original in Messrs. Rivington's beautiful edition. The translator is turned aside by nothing he meets; he offers a faithful version, and he gives it.

Regarding the relative merits of translations, it is often difficult to decide. Some tastes prefer a Saxon choice of words; others a more Latinised and flowing style. Sometimes a happy phrase occurs in one passage, and one less admirable in another, even in the same translation. In all cases it is indisputable that the fine aroma of any work of this kind is lost in the very best translation. We must submit to the inevitable. One word as regards the elaborate wood-cut borders which adorn each page of Mr. Benham's. They are in the ancient style, we are told, after Holbein, Dürer, and other old masters, containing Dances of Death, Acts of Mercy, emblems, and a variety of curious ornamentation. Many of them are certainly very pretty; some of them a little out of harmony with the work they ornament; and we can imagine the astonishment of good old Thomas himself, could he have seen Death dancing, and human skulls set in ghastly array, round the borders of his impassioned fourth book, the subject of which he regarded as the pledge and foretaste of eternal life. Messrs. Rivington's edition is remarkable for the beauty of its typography, and especially for the care bestowed by the printer upon the red border lines which surround the type on every page.

TALES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 1874.

Some thirty years ago Miss Harriet Martineau conceived the idea of conveying lessons in political economy by means of a story, and it is from her that Mrs. Fawcett gets the notion. We are forced to say that we do not think she has been very successful, in the present instance, in carrying out her intention of "hiding the powder, political economy, in the raspberry jam of a story." This little book is so evidently a powder, and the raspberry jam is so painfully thin, that such bitter taste as political economy may be supposed to have for beginners, will be very apparent. It may be doubted whether there is not a radical difficulty in the nature of the study, whether political economy is not a subject to be grappled with in its nakedness. We doubt whether any one for

whom the questions which the science deals with are not sufficiently interesting to induce him to take to the study pure and simple, will be beguiled into absorbing economical truths by means of such preparations as Mrs. Fawcett's. Mrs. Fawcett has, however, contrived very ingeniously, in a narrow space, to condense a great many economical theories and truths. Free trade, division of labor, exchange, demand and supply, competition, money, credit and foreign trade, are all dealt with, and if as a story we do not find the book very entertaining, we can recommend it very heartily as an elementary manual of political economy, which contains a great many important doctrines clearly and briefly stated.

ETCHINGS ON THE LOIRE AND IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, with Descriptions. By Ernest George. (Murray.)

This is a sequel to "Etchings on the Mosel," by the same draughtsman, who describes himself as an architect, and etches with great precision and tact, much after the manner of architectural draughtsmen, that is, in a way which is essentially non-pictorial, and which makes no allowance for, or rather ignores, the supreme artistic elements of the subjects he has chosen, *i. e.*, color, chiaroscuro, and light and shade, except so far as regards a prosaic rendering of the last-named element of etching. They are, however, the essentials of etching proper, without which no representation, however excellent in other respects, can fairly be reckoned as artistic in the higher sense of the term. Apart from these considerations, the drawings before us are admirable; neat and delicate, full of skill in touching, and highly satisfactory from their exactness. The handling is able and bright, happy in rendering the architecture, and in giving the leading features and characteristics of the subjects. The volume comprises, apart from their above-named shortcomings as etchings proper, twenty capital sketches of well-known subjects, such as the staircase at Blois, the chateau at Chénouneaux, timber houses at Tours, the castle at Loches, the bridge at Cahors, the towers at Carcassonne, the cloister at Arles, the bridge at Avignon, &c. The whole forms a first-class work of its kind.

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES. By John Timbs, Author of the "History of Clubs and Club Life in London," &c. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

We opened this volume with every desire to speak as well of it as a due regard to the claims of justice would allow us. The title is taking, the subject is good, and the author is an old and laborious writer. The preface to the book also promised well. As Mr. Timbs, however, truly observes, "many books of character have been published which have recorded the acts, sayings and fortunes of eccentrics," and the only excuse for adding to the number is contained in the sentence following this remark—namely, that "the instances in the present work are for the most part drawn from our own time, so as to

present points of novelty which could not so reasonably be expected in portraits of older date." The italics are the author's and not ours. Now, we really cannot pretend to say what Mr. Timbs may choose to call "our own time." But the majority of his characters belong to the early portion of the current and the latter part of the last century, and nearly everything, if not everything, he has to say about them has already been printed over and over again. And this is not all. Many of the persons he has thought proper to class among "eccentrics" were not eccentrics in any proper sense of the term, and many of the things he calls "eccentricities" are not eccentricities, but are ordinary *jeux d'esprit*, or oftener common-place anecdotes. Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, Baron Rothschild, Canning, Bentham, Hood, Baron Ward, even "Lord Anglesea's Leg," are pressed into his service for example, not without rhyme indeed, for he gives several snatches of verse in the notices of them; but, as far as we can see, wholly without reason. Moreover, "Brother" Prince and the Agapemone, Joanna Southcote, the founder of Mormonism, and Huntington S. S., are included with several more religious fanatics or impostors in his list. Some of his work consists of cuttings from newspapers and magazines. A far larger part of it has been got together by putting other bookmakers under contribution on a scale that reminds one of the warlike operations of the Germans more than anything else. The result is that we are presented with a volume of 578 pages with scarcely thirty pages, we should say, making a rough guess, of original matter among them, and not enough matter of any novel interest to fill a hundred pages, at a liberal estimate. We do not say that there is not a good deal that is amusing in Mr. Timbs' volume. But it is amusing in the same manner that any other old odds and ends published in a collected form would be amusing. An ordinary newspaper when it is sufficiently out of date will afford some, perhaps considerable, entertainment to the reader. But a person who should put forth the reprint of an old newspaper, with a couple of last week's telegrams inserted into it, and call it "for the most part" the "latest intelligence" would expose himself to the charge of neglecting the proper observance of those principles of openness and fair dealing which the public has a right to expect from those who are candidates for their approval—and we may add for their money. We are sorry to be compelled to make these observations. But we are sure that no moderately well-informed person will think them undeserved or too strong.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS. From Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. With, now first printed, An Essay on Christianity. Third Edition. (H. S. King & Co.)

There was never a life more gloomy in its romance, more painful in its reality, than that of Percy Bysshe Shelley, which began full of bright hope in 1792, and which was quenched in the dark waters of the Bay of Spezia in 1822. It lasted the time of a generation. In its early years, the handsome, wayward, daring boy had something weird about him which

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charmed and awed his own sisters. His mind was truly as the mind of one who brought into this world the experience of some former state of existence, confused, and not to be rooted out. As we look back to the drama of his life, Shelley takes the form and bearing of the doomed victim of tragedy. His innate hatred of despotism raised cruel tyrants against him at Eton; and his rash humor of outspokenness, his dealing with the subject of Atheism, led to his expulsion from college. For a long time Shelley appeared to the world that knew least of him like a spirit accurst. Savage indignation, wanting, however, any tinge of maliciousness, carried him to the highest flights of poetry; but, if men cried *anathema* at his name, so did they shout *maranatha* against his works. Neither the man nor his poetry was without cloud, shadow—something here and there that one wished had been otherwise; but a poet is not like a chain, which is only as strong as its weakest link; he is emphatically poet by virtue of his grandest utterances. Accordingly, Shelley has rightfully succeeded to the poet's inheritance, and has taken his place among the enthroned Sons of Song by general acclaim. With this there had been pity for the man, and a feeling of how still greater he might have grown had the world been not more tender, but more fair towards him. And this pity for the man does not spring so much from the record of his life told by others, as from the passages in his poetry told by himself, in which are to be read revelations of his outward and inward life. One of these is to be found in the dedication of the "Revolt of Islam." The blameless king of the *Idylls* could hardly have entered on the path of his glory with brighter resolution of manlike duty. In these lines, Shelley refers to his painful days at Eton:

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour, which burst
My spirit's sleep, a fresh May dawn it was
When I walk'd forth upon the glit'ring grass,
And wept, I knew not why, until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating voice of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasp'd my hands and look'd around,
But none was near to mark my streaming eyes,
Which pour'd their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So, without shame, I spake, 'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such pow'r, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check.' I then controll'd
My tears; my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold!"

Mortal resolve lacks fulfilment through mortal weakness. Poor human resolution stumbles despite intention to walk upright and blameless. Shelley was no exception to the general circumstances; but Lady Shelley, in whom the poet has a sympathizing editor, remarks, in this new edition, "The time has not arrived at which it is desirable that facts already known to the poet's own family and a few private friends should be disclosed. . . . We feel confident, the more is really known, the more will all mists of false aspersion and misconception clear away from Shelley's memory." A full life of the poet is, nevertheless, promised; meanwhile, we have these affecting memorials, a book for wonder, for pity, and for tears.

VERRAZANO THE NAVIGATOR or Notes on Giovanni da Verrazano and on a Planisphere of 1529 illustrating his American voyage in 1524. With a Reduced Copy of the Map A Paper Read before the American Geographical Society of New York November 28th 1871 By J. C. Brevoort A Member of the Society 8vo pp. 159 (1) Map New York 1874.

This beautifully printed volume is "extracts from the Report of the American Geographical Society of New York for 1873. Two hundred and fifty copies printed." It is an elaborate, scholarly, and carefully prepared monograph on a subject of the highest interest in connection with the early voyages to America. It was our good fortune to hear the paper read. We make no pretensions to any special knowledge of the subject, but we assert that, in our judgment, Mr. Brevoort was intended by nature for a lecturer. His manner was at once so unaffected and easy, his acquaintance with the subject was so great, that he was never at a loss for material. His misfortune was that he had so much to say, and so little time in which to say it, that very much was left unsaid. But that omission is now much more than supplied. Not only do we here have the lecture, but we have copious notes indicating great learning and new research; and, so far as we are able to determine the question, it would seem to be entirely exhausted. The essay is followed by a reduced copy of the map, which will enable the student of geography to follow the argument with the actual lines as drawn by Verrazano himself.

THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH, IN DECEMBER, 1864, AND THE CONFEDERATE OPERATIONS IN GEORGIA AND THE THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, DURING GENERAL SHERMAN'S MARCH FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA. By Charles C. Jones, Jr., late Lieut.-Col. Artillery, C. S. A., and Chief of Artillery during the Siege. Printed for the Author. Small 8vo, pp. x, 184. (Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell, 1874).

Andi alteram partem is a good motto for everybody. Col. Jones has reminded us of it by quoting it in his book preface, which concisely states the object of the work. Of Federal accounts of this famous "March to the Sea" we have had many, but not till now have we had the other side. In this unpretending volume we are presented with many documents which are entirely new to the Northern reader. Col. Jones remarks that he is "guided in all that he relates by the genuine circumstances of the action. * * *

This sad chapter in the history of Georgia has been written only by those who made light of her afflictions, laughed at her calamities, gloated over her losses, and lauded her spoilers. A predatory excursion, inaugurated with a full knowledge of her weakness, conceived in a spirit of wanton destruction, conducted in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, and compassed in the face of feeble resistance, has been magnified into a grand military achievement worthy of all admiration. The easy march of a well appointed army of seventy thousand men through the heart of a State abounding in every supply save men and materials of war, and at the most delightful sea-

son of the year, has been so talked of and written about by those who either participated in the enterprise or sympathized with its leaders, that multitudes have come to regard this holiday excursion as a triumph of consummate skill and valor." These are strong words, but the text of the work goes a long way in support of the preface. We have read the work through, partly because the subject viewed from this side was new, and partly because it is like all of Col. Jones' works—well written; and we commend its graphic pages to the consideration of our readers.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A KING, EMBODYING THE SUPPRESSED MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV. OF ENGLAND. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. By John Banvard, Artist. 12MO. (New York, 1875).

In our previous number we paid our respects to Banvard and his humbug to an extent far beyond the merit of the subject, and we propose now only to deal briefly with the book which bears on its title the name of this literary pilferer. When we reviewed the situation we took it for granted that he was intending to reproduce the book for which there was a reward offered in London; but lo! here we have nothing more or less than an abridgement of "Huish's Memoirs," with a trifle from Walpole's "George III.," more from "Greville's Memoirs," and some balderdash by Banvard himself. We have taken the trouble to analyze the work, and it divides up as follows: Seventeen-twentieths from Huish; two-twentieths from Walpole, Greville, and others, and possibly one-twentieth by Banvard or Brown, or both of these "busy Bs." The book is a fraud *ab initio*. It started with a pretence that it was to be a reproduction of something which had been suppressed, and lo! now that it is put forth, it is our old friend Huish with a manufactured title by this artist (?). We took occasion to send to the *Tribune* a notice of the fraud, to which Banvard wrote a reply, which was printed *verbatim et literatim* by the *Tribune*. The bad spelling was sufficient to attest the ignorance of the writer, but his assumption in running a parallel between his work and Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," was as great a piece of literary impudence as the putting forth of his own "miserable twaddle." His lack of comprehension of a plain arithmetical statement, was on a par with the rest of his knowledge or ignorance. The book is bound with a brilliant device on the side. It is a portrait on brass (very appropriate) of Banvard with a trunk full of documents with the word *Truth* emblazoned above him, but truth is altogether beyond his reach. It is another word of the same length and commencing with the same initial which more properly characterizes the manner of making this book.

BROOKLYN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. Volume I, No. 1, March, 1875. 8vo, pp. 59. (Yearly subscription, \$2.50; single copies, 25 cents.)

The friends of education should hail with pleasure the first number of *The Brooklyn Journal of Education*, recently issued under the auspices of John Y.

Culyer, who appears admirably fitted for the editorial chair. The new magazine is well got up, the matter and general appearance being excellent.

We find cleverly written articles by Dr. Jerome Walker, Mrs. Prentiss, Dr. Cruikshank and others; also two especially good ones on "Education in Brooklyn" and "Educational Institutions of Brooklyn," which show that the so-called "City of Scandals" may even yet have an unclouded future before it, notwithstanding the vapid sentimentalists and free-lovers who have held sway there too long, and are now, with their filthy brood, being most ingloriously shovelled into the limbo of oblivion, no longer to stay the progress of education, "pure and undefiled."

The departments devoted to science, literature and art are properly attended to—among the contents of the last named we notice an extract from the article by William W. Sabin, on "The Howard Sale of Prints," in our last number.

Finally, we wish the newcomer welcome and success.

ORATION DELIVERED IN CARPENTERS' HALL ON THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF 1774. By Henry Armitt Brown. Royal 8vo, 52 pp. Privately Printed. Philadelphia, 1875.

Amid the "din of dreadful preparation" for the Great Centennial, the good people of Philadelphia wisely made us recollect there were other Centennials in the history of the United States equally to be remembered and held *fête* on.

In 1774 the first sitting of the First Congress of the United States took place, and on September 5 of last year "Carpenters' Hall," Philadelphia, was crowded from basement to roof with eager participants in the "Centennial of Congress," listening to the eloquent oration delivered by Henry Armitt Brown, who, in well chosen language and with rhetorical effect, reminded the Philadelphians of those glorious patriots who were first assembled in that building the same day one century previous.

That such an oration should have been allowed to share the fate of so many others of a more mediocre character was improbable, and it was therefore wisely determined to have Mr. Brown's effort printed in a separate form and rescued from fossilification in the public prints; we say it was wise to do this, but we think it would be wiser to have it reprinted and issued in a cheaper and less ornate form, if only to remind Americans there is an orator whose soul-inspiring words ring with the genuine Webster sound, and ready to rally if need be America's sons against attempted tyranny as their sires were in days of yore.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES OF THE PROVOOST FAMILY OF NEW YORK. By Edwin R. Purple. Portrait. 4to. Privately printed. New York, 1875.

Some time since Mr. Edwin R. Purple, an able American genealogist, compiled and issued privately a collection of "Notes on the Colden Family in America." He has now had printed one somewhat similar of the Provoosts.

His new volume cannot fail to be of deep interest to all New Yorkers who pride themselves and make

a study of the past of their city, as it illustrates full particulars respecting the descent and family connections of the Right Reverend Samuel Provoost, D.D., First Bishop of New York.

Mr. Purple's materials have been carefully obtained, and his task has been successfully accomplished. We trust now that genealogy is taking its proper position here; he will undertake the same kind of offices in elucidation of the family history of other eminent citizens, and we are certain his efforts would be warmly seconded by all interested in the eventful history of America.

OBITUARY.

Ashworth.—We hear of the death of John Ashworth, of Rochdale, Eng. He was the author of a series of stories which, under the title of "Strange Tales," had obtained great popularity. Mr. Ashworth was interred in the Cemetery, Rochdale: his funeral was attended by a large number of admirers in the district, the ancient English statesman, John Bright, being amongst them.

Audiganne.—The death is announced of M. Armand Audiganne, a well-known French writer on politico-economical subjects.

Baddeley.—The decease of the Rev. R. W. Baddeley, the author of the "Village of the West," and the "Last of the Lythans," and several other novels, and also of "Cassandra, and Other Poems," is noticed.

Bennett.—Every musician will be grieved to learn of the death of William Sterndale Bennett, the best and most distinguished of modern English composers. From his early years, Bennett's passion and talent for music began to display themselves, and at the age of eight he was entered as a chorister at King's College, Cambridge. As soon as his voice broke, he was sent to London, and there became a student at the Royal Academy. He devoted himself principally to the pianoforte and the study of harmony. When Mendelssohn came to London with his "Midsummer Night's Dream Music," a strong friendship sprang up between the two young composers, which was only interrupted by Mendelssohn's death. Owing to his exertions, Bennett's music became well known in Germany, where it is held in quite as high estimation as in England. The list of Sterndale Bennett's compositions is long, comprising symphonies, overtures, cantatas, concertos for the pianoforte, and a number of miscellaneous pieces for that instrument. His best-known vocal work is the cantata "The May Queen," which was first produced in 1859, at the Leeds Festival. It is generally conceded that his talents were best shown as a composer for the pianoforte, and some of his concertos, especially the fourth, approach nearly to the excellence of the classical masters. For twelve years Sterndale Bennett held the post of conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, which, on his resigning, was filled for a time by Richard Wagner. In 1871 he was knighted by the Gladstone ministry; a recognition of his talent and services on state occasions, which had been too long delayed.

Boyd.—Sir William Boyd, of Edinburgh, died recently. He was the author of "A History of Literature," "Lectures on Ancient and Modern Literature," &c., and a very amiable gentleman.

Finlay.—The death of George Finlay is a loss to literature, and a heavy blow to modern Greece. He was one of the remarkable Englishmen of his day. Since the decease of General Church, he has been the last survivor to be found in Athens of the old generation of Philhellenes who followed Byron and joined in his hopes of the regeneration of the Greeks. That enthusiasm was doomed to disappointment, and those hopes bore no solid fruit. Constant and persistent to the cause he had adopted, Finlay, however, bought land and a house near Athens, and, failing in his effort to rouse the agriculturists of Attica to a desire for improving their methods of cultivation, he became the historian, not only of the struggle for independence, but of the new Greeks, continuing and amplifying, so far as they were concerned, the work of Gibbon. The "History of the War of Independence" is remarkable, for it exhibits in a fearless manner the errors, the weaknesses, and the crimes of the Greeks, the Turks, and the allies, and affords a valuable political study. Not less useful for the appreciation of the Greeks, in relation to the Eastern question, are the volumes relating to the earlier period, in which, following in the steps of Fallmerayer, but not adopting the German's Slavonic theories in their full extent, he traced the many changes of race which occurred in Greece after the barbarian invasions began. To Finlay his researches taught the practical lesson that the regeneration of Greece was not to be sought in the reproduction of classic forms, but in the rational development of the people as they are. There is little need for enumerating the titles of his histories; but we may remark that he continued his labors after the world imagined they were finished, and his last publication was printed at Paris, of the Journal kept by Brue, the interpreter of the French Embassy, who accompanied the Grand Vizier Ali in his campaign in the Morea in 1715. Mr. Finlay had purchased the manuscript in 1843, and had made much use of it in his "Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination."

Field.—Mr. Maunsell B. Field died in New York on the 24th of January. He was born in New York in 1822, graduated at Yale in 1841, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He practised his profession for a time in connection with Mr. John Jay, was Secretary of the American Legation in France under Minister Mason, and was attached to the Spanish Legation under Mr. Soulé. He was also the President of the American Commission at the Paris Exposition. In 1861 he was appointed Deputy Sub-Treasurer of the United States, and some years after was appointed a collector of internal revenue. Two years ago he was, by Governor Dix, appointed Judge of the Second District Court of New York City, and he held the position at the time of his death. Although he has filled so many important offices, he was in general a man of leisure. Wealthy, accomplished, and well-read, with a creditable taste for literature, he achieved quite a reputation as a writer. In connection with G. P. R. James, the prolific novelist, he wrote "Adrian, or, The Clouds of the Mind,"

which was published in 1852. His magazine papers have been much admired, and his book, published last year, with the title "Memories of Many Men and Some of Women," is still fresh in the minds of our readers as a remarkably entertaining volume. It gave him more prominence as a writer than anything he had previously done.

Grund.—The Nestor of musicians in Hamburg Herr Friedrich Wilhelm Grund, died recently, aged eighty-three. His name was widely spread, through his compositions, some of which—for instance, the oratorio "Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Jesu," two quartets, and especially the pianoforte Etudes—have met with great appreciation even beyond Germany.

Helps.—The death of Sir Arthur Helps will be widely regretted in this country, for his writings were of a sort to awaken a strong feeling of personal regard for their author. The quality of his thought, no less than of his style, was essentially that of a gentleman. No books exhibit more clearly than his the religion of the best modern society—the religion of self-respect, of personal refinement, of humanity, and the good breeding which puts all men at ease. His mind was not one of remarkable strength or remarkable subtlety, but his intellectual perceptions were delicate and well trained, and his sympathies, both moral and intellectual, were wide and keen. He was, altogether, a civilized, cultivated, social man of letters, and the topics that especially interested him were those which concern men in their social relations. His reputation as a thinker will rest mainly on his discussion of what are called social questions. On these topics his thought, if not always profound, was fresh and acute, the product of large experience, extended observation, and deliberate reflection. He had a firm faith that no great revolution is required to make the lives of men much more cheerful, much happier, than they now are; that what is required is attention to the means already at hand, and the application of remedies great at part of which are in possession of every individual. He was no perverse optimist, but he had the conviction that the good in the world might be indefinitely increased, by simple means, and his best writings are those in which he sets forth this faith, and illustrates and recommends it with the skill begotten of generous warmth of feeling. The keynote of the first of his books that became well known, his "Friends in Council," published almost thirty years ago, is struck again in the last of his writings, his book on "Social Pressure," which appeared in this country simultaneously with the announcement of his death. The better organization of society, the improvement in the condition of the poor, the application of the standard of private morals to the conduct of public affairs—these are the matters to which, in various form, he returns again and again. His humane and liberal spirit pervades his books. Against slavery, war, neglect of the poor, cruelty to animals, and many another manifestation of human brutality, he directed his efforts with unrelaxing energy. But no bitter words ever fell from his pen. He recognized the virtue of self-possessed force, and he never wasted his strength in controversy or lost his temper in impatience with wrongdoers. His essays will be long remembered and more read

than his other books. He had not an imagination of sufficient force to make him a poet, and his novels and tragedies are the performances of talent rather than the creations of genius. His style was the reflection of himself, always clear, always pleasant, and at its best rising to heights of vigorous animation and full-flowing ease of expression, which give him just claim to a place among the best modern masters of English prose. No books will hereafter afford to the student of the thoughts and sentiments of the best English society of the last thirty years a truer acquaintance with them than "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and the other volumes of the series of essays and conversations of which they were the first. The delightful personal characteristics which his books in part reveal endeared Sir Arthur Helps to a wide circle of friends. Mr. Emerson, in his "English Traits," has recorded his visit with Carlyle to Mr. Helps, as he then was, at his home in Bishops Waltham. A few years later, an enterprise in which he engaged, with the hope of benefiting others as well as himself, resulted so ill as to involve the loss of his ample property and the giving up of his home. In 1859, he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, an office of responsibility and of labor. This office he retained till his death. In 1872, he was made Civil Knight Commander of the Bath, in recognition of his various services to literature and the State. Misfortune did not break or embitter him, but it saddened his later years. He still made the best of life; he remained one of the most agreeable of men in society; always kindly in judgment, always desirous to promote pleasantness, and possessed of such culture and such gifts as made him master in his favorite art—the art of living with others.—*Nation*.

Hess.—The Bavarian animal and genre painter, Karl Hess, died lately at Munich, aged seventy-five years.

Hitzig.—Dr. Hitzig, the eminent Biblical and Semitic scholar, died January 22d, at Heidelberg, where he had been Professor of Theology since 1861, when he resigned the rectorship of the High School at Zurich. He was in his sixty-eighth year.

Joly.—M. Crétineau Joly, a fervent Legitimist, who founded, in 1830, a paper called *Le Vendéen*, in which he advocated the cause of the throne and the altar, is lately deceased. His articles produced much sensation at the time of their publication. M. Crétineau Joly leaves a "History of the Society of Jesus," and an instructive work on the wars of La Vendée.

Kingsley.—We regret to announce the death, on January 23d, of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. He was born June 12, 1819, and came from the old family of the Kingsleys of Kingsley, an ancient family of Cheshire, who joined the parliamentary army under Cromwell, and afterwards Charles II. under Monk. After graduating with considerable honor from Cambridge, he decided to follow his father's steps into the church, and in 1844 was presented to the living of Eversley, in Hampshire, where his warm sympathies with the poor, which involuntarily drew to him so many friends, were first developed. He was subse-

quently appointed as Canon of Westminster, and in his theological views was identified with Dean Stanley and the Broad Church party in the establishment. His tender interest however in the laboring classes and in oppressed humanity at large was the prominent and the winning feature of his clerical labors. As an author and a poet, Canon Kingsley's fame is world-wide, "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "Village Sermons," and a score or more of other titles, being so universally familiar as to need no more than their mention here. Mr. Kingsley's visit to the United States about a year ago was one of the happy incidents of his life, so far at least as it gave genuine pleasure to hundreds on this side to see and to hear him. The English people cannot regret his death any more generally or sincerely than will the people of this country.

Leighton.—Alexander Leighton, of Edinburgh, author of the greater part of "Tales of the Borders," died in January, at the age of seventy-four.

Lyell.—On February 22 died one of our foremost men of science, Sir Charles Lyell, the patriarch of scientific teachers and geologists, who had reached, in affluence and in honor, his 78th year. He had, however, long passed the period of his greatest intellectual and literary activity. We extract from the *Daily News* the best summary of the life of this famous scientific writer: "He was the son of Mr. Charles Lyell, of Kinnordy, who was well known as a botanist. Charles, who was the eldest son, was born in November, 1797, entered at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1818, and took his M.A. degree in 1821. From the University he came to London, and was called to the bar, but never practised, and immediately afterward, in 1824, set out on a scientific exploration of Switzerland and the mountainous parts of France, Germany, and Italy. His observations during this journey were published in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' and attracted the notice of scientific men. In 1830 he published the first volume of his great work, 'The Principles of Geology,' and in 1832 was appointed to deliver a course of lectures on geology in King's College, which had been opened in the previous year. While all England was shaken by the Reform agitation, Sir Charles Lyell was patiently laying the foundation of his future fame and influence by preparing the materials for the completion of this treatise, the second volume of which was issued in 1832, and the third volume, after second editions of the first two had been published, was brought out in 1833. Some years later he compiled from this work the book entitled 'The Elements of Geology,' which became the text-book of the science. He visited the United States and Canada twice, and on each occasion published an interesting account of his travels, which, though mainly devoted to the geological formation of the continent, contained many interesting sketches of social and political life and institutions. A life devoted chiefly to science was not eventful; and Lyell's journeys, his publications, and his reception of the honors which the learned world, and afterwards his University and the State, accumulated on him, formed its chief landmarks. He married, in 1832, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Leonard Horner, whose borings in the Nile mud threw much light on the problem of

the antiquity of man. Lady Lyell died in 1873, leaving no issue. Sir Charles' second great work, that on the 'Antiquity of Man,' was published in 1863; and the fourth edition, with the author's latest revisions, appeared about fifteen months since. He was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864." This baronetcy is now extinct. Sir Charles has been declared by Professor Huxley to be the greatest geologist of his day; but if we look to the probable advance of the science up to a certain point—thereafter to be considered only useful in a commercial and mineral, and certainly not in a theological view—the place of Sir Charles in history will necessarily be confined to that of being an early teacher of a science which had much empiricism in, at least, its inception. Sir Charles was gracious in society, but neither a great speaker nor a profuse writer, nor capable of exciting much enthusiasm. In lecturing on his science he "dexterously avoided," says Crabb Robinson, "the idea of the eternity of the world being hostile to the idea of a God." In religion he was an Unitarian, and an attendant on the ministry of Mr. James Martineau in Little Portland Street Chapel. He did not go so far as the atomists, and believed—or, as he says, left—"the argument of design, and therefore of a Designer, as valid as ever."

Miller.—An artist for artists, a great painter—Jean Francois Millet—died January 20, at the age of sixty years, and after an illness of some duration. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche, a master whose teaching suited the genius of the student.

Rollin.—M. Ledru-Rollin, who died in January, was more of a speaker than a writer, and his literary achievements were limited to political and social topics. As a journalist, he wrote for some time in *La Réforme*; but his style was somewhat rhetorical, and his articles read too much like the flowery speeches he afterwards delivered from the Tribune in 1848. The only long work he wrote was that on what he styled "The Decadence of England." He was then England's guest, and there was lack of taste in Ledru-Rollin's manifesto against the English. We have it on good authority that he leaves a MS. work on Atheism, which contains his theological *credo*, and which will soon be published.

Sprague.—A venerable and much respected American poet is dead: Charles Sprague, born, near the spot where he died, in 1791. The successes which gave him a reputation date back nearly or quite half a century, and his literary productiveness ended many years ago. He was for forty years cashier of the Globe Bank in his native city, which he seldom left. It is stated, indeed, that he never entered a steam car but once.

Sugden.—Lord St. Leonards died on the 29th of January, at Boyle Farm, at the age of 94. Lord St. Leonards was born at the house of his father, a hairdresser, in Duke street, in 1781. He received the first rudiments of his education at home, and was then sent to a private school. Nearly all that is known about the commencement of his legal career is that towards the end of the last century, while still under age, he entered the office of a gentleman named Groom, who at that time was in practice as a conveyancer. He was buried at Thames Ditton.

Wappen.—We have to record the death, on the 8th of December, of Baron Wappen, the Belgian court and historical painter, who educated numerous pupils, some of whom have achieved considerable reputation. This event took place in Paris. The artist was 71 years old, and for his personal qualities highly esteemed in his own country.

Whitehead.—The decease is recorded of Mrs. Trafford Whitehead, of Manchester, author of the novel, "The Grahams of Bessbridge House," and of the poems published under the pseudonym "A Manchester Lady"—a name not included in Mr. Olphar Hamet's "Handbook of Fictitious Names."

Wilkinson.—We regret having to announce the death of T. T. Wilkinson, F.R.A.S., of Burnley, Eng. Mr. Wilkinson published in 1867, in conjunction with the late John Harland, "Lancashire Folk-Lore," and in 1873, "Lancashire Legends, Traditions, Sports, and Pastimes," in which his name was also associated with that of Mr. Harland. Till quite recently Mr. Wilkinson aided the Rev. Ponsonby A. Lyons, the editor of the new edition of Whitaker's "Whalley," by correcting proofs of that work in the portion of it relating to the district in which Mr. Wilkinson resided. His latest literary work was the superintendence of a new edition of "The Ancient and Modern Songs and Ballads of Lancashire," which was published at the close of last year.

Wynne.—The recent announcement of the death of Senator Wynne, which occurred at his residence in Richmond, Virginia, on Wednesday, February 24th, 1875, sent a thrill of throeful anguish to the hearts of warm friends throughout our Union, in the memories of whom, his virtues and his career of usefulness have enshrined him enduringly.

Thomas Hicks Wynne was born in Richmond, Virginia, January 22d, 1820, and was the son of Williamson and Agnes Margaret (Hardy) Wynne. His father, who was a native of Dinwiddie county, Virginia, was a lineal descendant of Captain Robert Wynne, a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, in the early days of the Colony. His mother, who was born in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, was a descendant in the second generation of John Harvey, the Speaker of the patriot House of Representatives of North Carolina, 1774-6.

He was the first Librarian of the Mercantile Library Association of Richmond, which was instituted about the year 1842, and was chiefly for the aid and improvement of the young mechanic and mercantile employé. Among those successively holding the post of librarian were several who have since attained distinction, viz: John Esten Cooke, the novelist; Arthur E. Petticolas, artist, medico, and Professor at the Medical College of Virginia; and the brilliant journalist, John Moncure Daniel, of whom it is narrated the student's lamp was seen constantly burning in the windows of the library rooms where he lived and slept, in the small hours of the morning. It is said of more than one of the preceding that the meagre compensation of one hundred and fifty dollars which they received from the Association yielded them their chief support.

While Librarian he had the companionship of persons of literary culture, and counted among his

warm personal friends many of the most talented in his native city and State. The intimacy with John M. Daniel, of the trenchant pen, Dr. Hugh Blair Grigsby, the glowing language-painting embalmer of biography, Charles Campbell, the faithful and accurate historian, and John R. Thompson, the graceful essayist and charming poet, commenced about this period and continued to strengthen in mutual respect and esteem during the lives of the parties. In his will Mr. Daniel testified his affection by a valuable bequest of exquisite intaglios, miniatures and medals, which he had collected in Italy.

In 1872, Mr. Wynne was called by the voice of those whom he loved to serve, in a seat in the Senate of Virginia, as one of the three who represented the city of Richmond and county of Henrico. In this body his character, capacity, broad and grasping mind, his tastes, his culture and genial nature, rendered him a marked and impressively useful servant of the public, and slave to his revered mother, the proud old State, in her present weal and want, and with his whole heart and soul, contributively, to her future hope of reparation and restoration.

Acutely and jealously sensitive of the perils to which the mutations of time, and the pillage by individuals, subjected the archives of his native State, his efforts secured an appropriation by the State for their digest and printing, under which Dr. William P. Palmer, another earnest and worthy son, has been enabled to prepare a volume of some five hundred pages (now in press), "A Calendar of Colonial State Papers," in the highest degree important to the student of history and the genealogist. As chairman also of the joint library committee of the Legislature, he instigated measures for enlarging and enriching the State library, and for restoring, as far as possible, the valuable material abstracted from the State Capitol in the period of chaos immediately following the close of the late war. His own culture and acumen prompted the conception of the wants of the library, and with the co-operation of his associate on the committee, Delegate William S. Gilman, the secretary of the Commonwealth, Col. James McDonald, the librarian, Dr. George W. Bagby (Mosiz·Addums), the now widely known humorist, and the obliging clerk of the secretary of the Commonwealth, William E. Binford, the library has reached a standard never before attained. The library room has been repaired and improved, thousands of important volumes added, numerous portraits and busts of the distinguished in the annals of Virginia, and many rare historical documents gathered together. The realization of what Senator Wynne promoted and accomplished, and the proportionably mentally measured conception of what he might have swayed and been the means of occasioning in our whole country's council, intensifies the pregnant feeling incident upon a reflection of the loss that Virginia has sustained.

He was a frequent contributor to the pages of that so long and highly sustained Southern magazine, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, with several editors of which he was on terms of close intimacy. Mr. Wynne also never failed to correct, by contributed notes, any errors as to local history, which appeared in the prints of Richmond. He encouraged Charles Campbell by advice and assistance in the preparation of his almost model history of Virginia, and lent his

active aid to the disposition and dispersion of hundreds of copies of the work. The carefully prepared and truly intrinsically valuable publication under the auspices of the Virginia Senate: "Colonial Records of Virginia, 1874," was issued under his editorial care; for the attractive appearance of which, and its superior typographical execution, due credit cannot be withheld from the competent superintendent of public printing, Captain Richard F. Walker. Mr. Wynne also promoted the publication of a monographic history of the statue of Washington, by Houdon, in the halls of the Capitol of Virginia, which was from the pen of Col. Sherwin McRae. He bore the expense of the printing of one hundred copies on superior toned paper, for private circulation. He had maintained for years a correspondence with the most prominent historical writers of our country and with those best known for their taste, culture and accomplishments in matters of genealogical, antiquarian and kindred pursuits; his intercourse with the well-known W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq., of London, England, was constant and of the most friendly and confidential character. His friendships embraced the most prominent representatives of the families distinguished in the social and executive annals of Virginia, such as the Randolph, Robertson, Robinson, Harrison, Meade, Daniel, Beverley, Moncure, Munford, Montague, Fitzhugh, Bolling, Ellis, Haxall, and others.

His well-known series of privately printed works are as follows:

"Wynne Historical Documents from the Old Dominion." Motto—"Gather up the fragments that remain."

I. Williamsburg Orderly Book. With notes and introduction by Charles Campbell. Small 4to, 100 copies; large paper, 10 copies. Richmond, Va., 1860. *Albany: J. Munsell.*

II., III. The Westover Manuscripts (William Byrd). With notes and introduction by T. H. Wynne. Small 4to, 200 copies; large paper, 40 copies. Richmond, 1866. *J. Munsell.*

IV. Memoirs of the Bolling Family of England and Virginia (with photographic portraits). With notes and introduction by T. H. Wynne. Small 4to, 50 copies; folio 10 copies. Richmond, Va., Wm. H. Wade & Co., 1868.

V. The Vestry Book of Henrico Parish, with account of St. John's Church, with notes and introduction by R. A. Brock. 4to; large paper, 100 copies. Richmond, Va., Wm. H. Wade & Co., 1874.

"Historical Documents relating to the Old North State."

I. Narrative of Col. David Fanning, of the Revolution—with notes and introduction by T. H. Wynne. 4to, 50 copies. Richmond, Va. Printed for private distribution only, 1861, in the first year of the Independence of the Confederate States of America.

Mr. Wynne constantly caused to be photographed, at his own expense, objects of vertu and of antiquarian and historic interest, which he generously distributed in such quarters as might ensure their preservation. Though the greater portion of a large and valuable library of historical importance was destroyed by the fire of April 3d, 1865, he yet had since replaced his loss by a collection highly appealing to the want

of the Bibliomaniac of several thousands of volumes. He had gathered around him, also, many highly attractive articles of vertu, miniatures, paintings, coins, medals, gems and subjects of antiquarian interest.

His loss to the student of American history, whom he never failed to assist to the extent of his ability and information, is a serious one. His restless passion for research made him the custodian of, and constantly the medium of highly important and curious scraps of history and valuable antiquarian, numismatic and genealogical notes, which were spontaneously accorded to, and published in the appropriately cognate journals in this country. The special direction of his efforts being towards an elucidation of the history of his native State, so unflaggingly and devotedly did he pursue the object from a period of early youth, that in all matters pertaining thereto he was regarded by students in this country and abroad as one of the highest authorities.—*Abridged from "The (Richmond) Evening News.*

SHAKESPEARIAN GOSSIP.

By J. PARKER NORRIS.

"With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast."
The Comedy of Errors, V, i, 407.

Shakespearian notes, queries, and essays, are particularly requested. It will also be taken as an especial favor if readers will kindly send us any magazines or newspapers containing Shakespearian articles, in order that they may be noticed in this department. It is impossible for us to collect all this kind of material, and no doubt much that would be interesting is lost. If we have assistance in this line from our readers, we may be able to make the SHAKESPEARIAN GOSSIP more interesting.—J. P. N.

On the 23d of the present month many persons will celebrate what they suppose to be the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. This is a curious illustration of the persistency with which a popular tradition is nourished.

We do not know on what day Shakespeare was born, but we do know that he was baptized on the 26th of April, 1564, and that it was often customary in those days to baptize infants on the third day after birth. An equal number of instances, however, have been adduced to show that in many cases the rite of baptism was not administered until the tenth day after birth. Founded on a tradition,* the 23d of April has been celebrated as the anniversary of

* The tradition is that Shakespeare died on his birthday, and that that was the 23d of April.

Shakespeare's birth; but granting for the sake of argument that that *was* his birthday, how is it that the 23d of April, 1875, will be celebrated as the anniversary of that day? Have not the keepers of birthdays forgotten the fact of the difference of twelve days between the Old and New Styles? If Shakespeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, Old Style, then the difference between the Old and New Styles would make the present anniversary fall on the 5th of May, 1875.

We have received the following very able review of Dr. Ingleby's recently published "Still Lion," from our esteemed friend Mr. Crosby:

THE STILL LION. An Essay towards the Restoration of Shakespeare's Text. By C. M. Ingleby, M.A., LL.D., Trinity College, Cambridge; Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society of Literature. 8vo. London: Tribner & Co., 1874.

It is undoubtedly true that there is no royal road to the knowledge of Shakespeare. No number of finely printed and sumptuously bound editions, nor a library stocked with commentaries and glossaries, will confer that full understanding necessary to an unalloyed enjoyment of his imperishable works, without a careful, verbal, and critical study of the "Text"; a study, like that of a foreign language, commencing at the root, and pursued with an intelligent use of all the help that the contemporary literature of the poet's age can supply. As an ancillary contribution to this study, the clever essay, named at the head of this article, deserves more than a passing notice. It is a brochure of only 140 pages of large type: but from the well-considered principles it lays down for the restoration, and just interpretation, of the the Text of Shakespeare; the happy expositions of many obscure and difficult passages brought out in the illustration of these principles; and the charming and often harmonious style of the author, we venture to say it will be greedily and gratefully welcomed by every earnest student of the poet fortunate enough to receive it. Dr. Ingleby is well known in Shakespearean letters by several critical productions; chiefly by his "Complete View of the Shakspeare (Collier) Controversy," the most exhaustive work we have on that subject; and more recently by his "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse," a catena of extracts on Shakespeare and his works, culled from writers of the first century after his rise (1592-1693), a privately printed and exquisitely beautiful volume. The "Still Lion" originally appeared in the "Shakespeare Jahrbücher," vol. ii., Berlin: and the writer of this notice, with other lovers of the poet, who had had the opportunity of seeing only extracts from it, urgently begged the learned author to reprint it in an English edition. He "took the fruits of our advice," revised and enlarged his original essay to "almost as much again as it was," and has now generously presented a copy to each member of the New Shakspeare Society of Lon-

don, of which he is one of what the president, Mr. Furnivall, terms the "Committee of Workers."

The somewhat eccentric title, "The Still Lion," was suggested by an expression used by De Quincey, referring to the text of Milton: "On any attempt to take liberties with a passage of *his*, you feel as when coming, in a forest, upon what seems a dead lion; perhaps he may *not* be dead, but only sleeping, nay perhaps he may not be sleeping, but only shamming * * * You may be put down with shame by some man reading the line otherwise," or, as our author adds, "reading it in the light of more extended or more accurate knowledge." In our stroll through this forest, the brave beast pops his head up, and startles us with an occasional roar; but a glance of his benignant eye shows that this is only to convince us of his robust health and vitality, and that he has no intention whatever to devour us: we approach his lair, and learn to love him, and stroke his grand shaggy mane; and he in return accompanies our footsteps, and becomes our fast and faithful friend.

In two noteworthy respects this essay differs from most books of criticism: the author keeps clear of any attempt to display his own acuteness, or powers of satire, under the garb of elucidating Shakespeare; and albeit every page is replete with originality, sound criticism, and learning, it is so lighted up with good sense, humor, and frequent illustrations, that there is not a line of "dry reading" in the book. He takes his motto from the "Prometheus Vincit," and pursues the allegory in a brilliant "excursus" prefixed to the essay. Our space forbids quotations; and indeed, to do justice to this "excursus" it should be quoted entire. Very admirably does the doctor advocate the importance of the *integrity and preservation* of Shakespeare's text, and point out the causes of its corruption. Every sentence bristles with good points. The pen in his hand is a polished weapon, and he deals his blows right and left on all impertinent correctors and blundering restorers of the Text, from Mr. Perkins-Ireland down to Mr. Stanton in his late "Unsuspected Corruptions," in a style that is at once vigorous, and trenchant, and very amusing.

The first three chapters are devoted to a critical analysis of the growth of the English language in relation to the text of Shakespeare; and to the corrupt and obscure words and different phrases in his text, and the danger of tampering with them. Here the accomplished author's extensive scholarship in Elizabethan and Jacobian literature serves him in good stead, and he does some masterly work. Notwithstanding all that contemporary literature and conjectural criticism have done for Shakespeare's immortal works, there is a residue of about thirty-five or forty passages which have defied all attempts to cure their immortal nonsense. Dr. Ingleby clearly explains the causes and sources of this obscurity, and shows how and when conjectural emendation is legitimate. On many unintelligible words light is being gradually gained by a more extensive knowledge of provincial customs and dialects. Take, for instance, the word "scamels" in the "Tempest," which has hitherto presented an irreducible crux, and for which ten substitutes have been proposed. This word has now proved its title to its prescriptive place in the text. In Norfolk, a "scamel" is the name

of the female pick, a bird, the *Limosa rufa*, or bar-tailed godwit. Conjectural criticism is needful, therefore, but can only be licensed by two prerequisites in the critic: (1.) a competent knowledge of the orthography, phraseology, prosody, as well as the language of arts and customs, prevalent in the time of Shakespeare; (2.) a refined and reverent judgment for appreciating his genius and learning.

Having laid down the principles for the correct diagnosis of the trouble, when disease exists, our author proceeds by *examples* to assist us in his discovering the cure. The motto,—

"Immedicabile vulnus

Ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur."

is wise enough, provided we are sure the *vulnus* is *immedicabile* before we apply the *ensis*, or to change the metaphor, that the lion is *surely* dead, and *not* only sleeping, or shamming, before we venture to disturb his stillness. Here, for instance, is a sheaf of words, the very sight of which will remind the diligent student of the days and nights he has spent reading up his old dramas, and essays, sermons, and glossaries, commentaries, provincial dictionaries, and variorum notes, to get a ray of light, generally with most discouraging results. Dr. Ingleby calls this class "ullorxals," ugly customers, with whom every conscientious editor has had a mortal struggle, and usually been defeated:—"An-heires," Merry Wives, ii, 1; "Arm-Gaunt," Ant. and C., i, 5; "Aroint," Mac., i, 3, and Lear, iii, 4; "Barlet," Mac., i, 6; "Charge-house," L. L. L., v, 1; "Cars," T. Night, ii, 5; "Cyme," Mac., v, 3; Ducdame, A. Y. L., ii, 5; "Empirickquick," Corio, ii, 1; "Esil," Hamlet, v, 1; "Land-damn," W. Tale, ii, 1; Prentie, Mea. for Mea, iii, 1; "Runaways," R. and J., iii, 2; "Scamels," Temp., ii, 1; "Skains-mates," R. and J., ii, 4; "Strachy," T. Night, ii, 5; "Ullorxa," Tim. of A., iii, 4; "Yaughan," Ham., v, 1. To several of these "Sphinx-riddles" more or less attention is given, and a key furnished us, in this portion of the essay.

The author divides written and spoken expression into "idiom," "idiotism," and "idiasm," the first being a regular, the second a proverbial, and the last a private and peculiar, mode of phraseology. It is in obsolete idiotisms, and Shakespearian idiasms, where we find most trouble. Such phrases as "to die and live by a thing," "to remember one's courtesy," "to cry on a thing," "to cry game," are absolute idiotisms; and on these, and scores of other *loci impediti*, Dr. Ingleby turns his calcium light of exposition with the happiest results. Another class that he calls "rope-scarres," "patches of indictable nonsense," is composed of what are probably hopeless corruptions: e. g., the sentence in "All's Well," whence he takes the name:

"I see that men make ropes in such a scarre

That we'll forsake ourselves" (iv, 2);

and that puzzle in Hamlet (i, 4),

"The dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

To his own scandal;"

on the first of which passages there have been twenty conjectural emendations proposed, and on the last not less than forty or forty-five.

In the fourth chapter, we have "an examination and defence of certain words and phrases in Shakespeare, which have suffered the wrongs of emendation."

This chapter has gladdened our heart, so it will that of every lover of the grand old folio. It gives clear and self-evident expositions of a dozen selected passages, as characteristics of the poet's text—critical discussions on each one—incontrovertibly proving the old reading to be right, and any emendation a sheer impertinence. For instance, in the case of the famous "bridal runaway," in "Romeo and Juliet," of which no less than thirty-two corrections have been proposed, and seven inserted into the text of as many editions, Dr. Ingleby shows that the passage admits of the simplest interpretation. He proves by Golding's "Cæsar" that "runaways," in the poet's day, was synonymous with *spies*; and the "runaways" in question were *runagates*, vagabonds, who were likely to haunt the streets at dusk to pick up the news, and being hostile to the union of Romeo and Juliet, would not scruple to use any means to discover Romeo's intended visit, and place obstacles in his way. Again, in "As You Like It," iii, 2, Rosalind says to her cousin, "One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery"; we have never hitherto properly understood this line, because we failed to seize the central or leading idea of the speaker. The doctor's note we must give entire: "Rosalind plies Celia with some questions respecting Orlando: and having reminded her friend, that though she (Rosalind) is caparisoned like a man, she has a woman's curiosity, adds,—

"One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discovery. I pre' thee tell me who it is quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, etc. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?"

"Reading this passage in the folio, we have sought in vain for some explanation of the fact that its central or leading notion has always been missed. Here we have a tale of question—*coup sur coup*—falling as thick as hail upon the devoted Celia. See how many things she is called upon to *discover*; and then say whether she has not incurred a laborious and vexatious duty by her delay in answering the first question. How plain it is, that her *inch of delay* has cast her upon a 'South Sea'—a vast and unexplored ocean—of discovery. The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why? Because Rosalind fills up the delay (increases it, in fact,) with fresh interrogations, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South Sea of questions."

There! Is not that sufficient? No further need now of circuitous paraphrases to explain a simple passage. As in case of Columbus and his famous egg, we can all *now* perform the feat, after we see how it is done.

Another passage that we have always hitherto misinterpreted occurs in the same play (iii, 6):

"Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart

Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,

The wise-man's folly is anathomiz'd

Even by the squandering glar.ces of the foole."

(Folio 1623.)

Theobald read "Not to seem senseless" for "to seeme senselesse," and has been usually followed, even by the Cambridge editors. We have supposed there could not be a doubt that he was right. The

deficient line, and the construction of the sentence (at least to modern ears), seemed to make "not" irrefutably necessary to sense and metre. But we now see that "*Le vraisemblable n'est pas toujours le vrai.*" We have all along missed the meaning and corrupted the folio text by not seizing on the central notion of the passage. We have been too anxious for the credit of the "wise-man," to give him at least one chance of salvation from "the squandering glances of the fool": whereas Jaques' point is, that the fool has the best of the joke on both horns of the dilemma. As the author puts it: "Why does a fool do 'wisely' in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man 'in a strait betwixt two,' to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and so incur the consequential awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or, to put up with the smart, and *dissemble it*, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation—which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i. e.*, 'If not' ('If he do not'), 'his folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool'; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways. * * *

How plain, then, is the sense of the passage we are considering. Jaques asks for 'the motley,' in order that he may have a fool's privilege of making a fool of every wise man. * * * Observing that the line 'Seem senselesse of the bob. If not,' is too short, we think it probable that the words *he do* originally formed part of it. Be that as it may, 'If not' must mean 'If he do not.' 'Very foolishly' should be placed in crotchets: perhaps 'very wisely' should be so also."

Again, conjectural emendation has been not unfrequently thought necessary from the want of understanding the meaning of some word in the controverted passage. How often have we *stalled* (and doubtless scores of others have been in the same fix), at that sentence in "Troilus and Cressida,"

"And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woofe to enter,"

(Folio 1623)

simply because we were ignorant of the correct meaning of the word "woof." It is all now as clear as sunlight, after reading Dr. Ingleby's excellent exposition and proofs; and we leave these to the curiosity of our readers, trusting that they will not fail to obtain for themselves the required interpretation given in "The Still Lion."

We are tempted to give one example of conjectural emendation, both on account of its intrinsic excellence—fulfilling as it does all the requirements of an emendation—and because we believe it has not yet been introduced into the text of any edition. In "Timon of Athens," ii, 2, where the steward justifies his management of Timon's household, and excuses his husbandry from any blame for the bankruptcy of affairs, speaking of his foreboding grief at the wasteful extravagance of his master's entertainments, he says,

"I have retray'd me to a wastefull cocke
And set mine eyes at flow."

(Folio 1623.)

The late Mr. Swynfen Jervis (the Simon Verges of *Notes and Queries*), with rare felicity and exquisite

taste, proposed to read "wakeful couch" for "wastefull cocke." The context shows at once the value of this conjecture to the sense. Where shall Flavius retire from the midnight revels of Lord Timon but to his *bed*—not to sleep, but to indulge a sympathetic spilt of tears? In a printer's case "f" and "k" are in contiguous boxes, and are often confounded in the distribution of *pi*, whence it might well happen that "wakefull" was set up "wastefull." But in the face of this conjecture, even so veteran an editor and scholar as the late Mr. Dyce contended that Flavius was intended to refer to a wastepipe with the stopple out! And Dr. Schmidt, in his new "Shakespeare Lexicon," *sub voce*, contends that the eyes of Flavius, shedding tears, were themselves the "wastefull cock"! If we were certain that "cot," or "cotte," was in use in Shakespeare's time for "bed," we should prefer "cot" to "couch," as coming nearer in sound to "cocke," and so more readily accounting for the press-corruption.

We believe that we could not confer a greater favor upon our readers than by introducing to them an admirable elucidation of a generally misunderstood line in "Hamlet"—a misunderstanding that has arisen from ignorance of the correct meaning of a peculiar word. We refer to an expression of Hamlet, in his alluding to the advent of the players (ii, 2, 317), "the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sear." The folio reads "tickled," but Mr. Staunton rightly suggested "tickle," though, in common with other commentators, he did not understand the meaning of the phrase. Steevens explains it as signifying "those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy." The real meaning is just the reverse, as is shown by two recent authorities: Dr. Nicholson, in *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, viii, 62, and the Cambridge editors, in their recent valuable Clarendon Press edition of "Hamlet." Messrs. Clark & Wright say:—"Sere" or "serre," now spelt 'sear' or 'sear,' is the catch in a gunlock which keeps the hammer on half or full cock, and is released by the trigger. In old matchlock muskets the sear and trigger were in one piece. This is proved by a passage from Barret's 'Theorique and Practike of Modern Warres' (1598), p. 33: 'drawing down the *serre* with the other three fingers.' He has given directions for holding the stock between the thumb and forefinger. 'Lungs tickle o' the sear' are therefore lungs easily moved to laughter, like a gun which goes off with the least touch. Douce quotes from Howard's 'Defensative,' fol. 31a (1620): 'Discovering the moods and humors of the vulgar sort (according to the touch of Affrike) to be so loose and tickle of the seare.' It is clear that Hamlet did not anticipate much from the wit of the clown, or from the players generally." It is evident, therefore, that Hamlet, so far from according praise to "the clown" for raising a laugh from men to whom it was a very difficult and painful matter to laugh, is really disparaging his wit, as being of so *thin* a quality as to deceive only those into a laugh,

"Who evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpipe,"

men who laugh at anything and everything, whose lungs are so "tickle o' the sear" that they go off, as we still say, *half-cock*, at every sally of the cap and bells, no matter whether the jest be laughable or otherwise.

We should dearly love to follow the essayist through more of these discussions, especially that on Hamlet's "sea of troubles," but this review is already too long. We must not omit to mention one novelty in Shakespearian criticism, we mean the use accomplished author makes of "modern instances" in the untying of knots in the old text. Carlyle, Sir W. Scott, De Quincey, Dr. Caird, Sir J. Reynolds, George Dawson, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and Charlotte Brontë, are all unconscious but effective contributors towards the illustration of various textual difficulties.

It cannot be expected that we should agree with Dr. Ingleby in *all* his expositions; but the cases where we have found ourselves compelled to hesitate are few and far between. We can hardly adopt, for instance, Mr. Bullock's conjecture, "most busiliest," as the "most senseless and fit" substitute for the folio's "most busy lest" in the "Tempest." We cannot give up our old friend Dogberry's "losses" as a misspelling or mispronunciation of "lawsuits"; nor do we think that "charge-house" is a misspelling or mispronunciation of "church-house." We believe, rather, with all deference, that the last is a corruption of "charter-house," as that is of "chartreuse," a convent founded by the Carthusians in 1371, and on the dissolution of monasteries during Shakespeare's lifetime, changed into a charitable "educational" establishment in London, and in thriving existence at this day. It is possible that the Don's question to Holofernes, "Do you not educate youths at the charge-house?" may contain some lost allusion to Florio, who had given offence to Shakespeare, and whom the poet ridiculed in the character of Holofernes, the schoolmaster. Florio, as a famous philologist, was perhaps connected as governor or schoolmaster with the "Chartreuse"; but this is only conjecture.

In the "Tempest" (i, 2) Prospero addressing Caliban says, according to all the editions:

"Urchins
Shall for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee."

In the folio there is a comma after "night," and none after "work," and Mr. Thomas White proposed to read:

"Urchins
Shall 'forth at' vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee."

a very neat and ingenious emendation, which Dr. Ingleby decidedly approves. He says, "Three morsels of knowledge are indeed requisite for the full comprehension of the sense: 'to forth' was a common phrase for 'to go forth'; 'vast of night' meant 'dead of night'; and 'exercise' meant 'chastisement.'" On the other hand, Mr. W. Aldis Wright, in the *Clarendon Press* edition of the "Tempest," objects quite as decidedly to the two phrases "at vast of night" and "work exercise." He urges that "vast of night" denotes an interval of time between certain limits, and not a definite point of time, and therefore would not be used with the preposition "at"; and that both the phrases are "unnatural expressions." It does seem to us, that "to work exercise" is a pleonasm that Shakespeare would not have used, notwithstanding Dr. Ingleby tells us that it is no pleonasm at all, but that the correct meaning of the phrase is "to inflict punishment." We wish that he

had produced at least one example of its usage in that sense.

Again, we can by no means adopt the author's interpretation of "wax," as a noun with the sense of "growth," in the line in "Timon," "In a wide sea of wax." Mr. Dyce, *sub voce*, in his Glossary (Shak. vol. ix, ed. 1867), has ably discussed this word in connection with Dr. Ingleby's interpretation of it; and according to our humble judgment his arguments decidedly overbear those of the "Still Lion." There are one or two other places which we had marked for a word of dissent; but they can afford to wait, as with leave of the BIBLIOPOLIST, we may take another walk with the "Still Lion" some day. We ought to say, that the book is printed on American "bond" paper, which is very fine and strong, but almost too thin for printing purposes. The types show through it, more or less, and spoil the looks of the page.

We beg, again, heartily to thank Dr. Ingleby for his masterly little volume; and to express the hope that every intending editor of Shakespeare will ponder well, and profit by, the sound doctrine it inculcates. Nothing but good—much good—can result from a careful study of its too few pages: and we would respectfully suggest that, ere long, the author once more enlarge it "to as much again as it is," and print it on Whatman paper, in octavo, with uncut edges, and gilt top. Stiggins will doubtless set down this little matter of the looks of a book as a piece of "wanity"; it is, however, a "wanity" for which we confess a particular weakness, when it involves the dress and exterior of a very favorite volume, by a sincerely esteemed author.

JOSEPH CROSBY.

Mr. Crosby also sends us the following:

Clongoweswood College Historical Debating Society.
Inaugural Address. By Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, S. J.
8vo. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. 1874.

This is an address delivered by the President to a society of what we infer to be a Jesuit College in Ireland. In many respects it is quite interesting, in spite of its Jesuitism, which the author allows to crop out so palpably on every page that there is no need of the initials, "S. J.," to his name to show his bias and education. It purports to be a lecture on *Eloquence* as contra-distinguished from oratory and rhetoric; and the author makes the point that eloquence is always on the side of some moral good. True eloquence must unite to ability in the speaker a worthy power in his sentiments; and as it carries its point by enlisting the feelings of magnanimity only, it can never be used, as rhetoric often, and oratory sometimes is—ungraciously. This is a very happy distinction, and the author argues it well. He cites Blair and De Quincey to show that such is also their conception; that eloquence, in its strict sense, signifies "the power of enkindling the noble feelings of the soul, the power of arousing the sense of moral right, and virtue, and honor with the exulting joy which the soul must take in what is good and great, when that is set clearly before man's inward spiritual vision." In a word, he asserts that there can be no real eloquence in a bad cause. The principal instance which he produces of this eloquence

is the well known and touching passage in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," where Griffith makes to the dying Queen Catherine his eulogy on Cardinal Wolsey, and so "speaks his good" that her Majesty exclaims: (*Folio 1623*)

"After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him."

The whole passage (Hen. VIII., iv. ii., 48) commencing—

"This Cardinal
Though from an humble stocke undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much Honor,"

(*Folio 1623*)

and ending, "He dy'de, fearing God," is full of beautiful, natural, and affecting touches; and it is the drift of this "Address" to show that Shakespeare "cogged," or, as we should say, stole it, in substance, from a little History of Ireland, written by Edmund Campion, a Jesuit, who was executed for conspiracy against Elizabeth in 1581. Of this Father Campion our author has some difficulty to find language sufficiently eulogistic. "His name, though scarcely found in the annals of literature, is a missionary's and a martyr's name—the name of one of the noblest heroes of this earth; a name which there is at this moment hope to see solemnly pronounced Blessed by the Church;" * * "mainly known by having very early died a glorious death—the death of a traitor under Queen Elizabeth." He asks: "Why should Shakespeare have copied? That he should have taken up old plays to arrange anew for the convenience of his theatre, is easily understood. But that in his great play of Henry VIII., the quiet and mellowed production of his age, that he who was so rich should have transplanted a character of Wolsey, as he has done—why was this? And why, amongst all mankind, did William Shakespeare copy from Edmund Campion?" The reverend gentleman's theory is, that our Poet "copied" the substance of these lines, (1) either because he (Shakespeare) was an adherent of the old faith; or (2), directly or indirectly he had intercourse with Jesuits, or the books of Jesuits; or (3), rather, that he had some time seen in the library of the splendid Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, the little tract which Campion wrote on Ireland; that his keen eyes noted this very passage; and that the same bold arm, which once, it is said, laid low Justice Lucy's deer, seized without hesitation on that obscure Irish tract, because it suited his purpose in the play to make this passage his own. Now the fact is, that Shakespeare found it, bodily, in his old trusty authority, *Holinshed*, who quotes it from Campion. Every Shakespearean knows the unhesitating use that the Poet made of *Holinshed*, for his facts and his history. Had O'Carroll looked into a "Variorum," or almost any edition of Shakespeare, with notes, he would have found the quotation from *Holinshed* at length, (Vol. II, p. 917, 1587;) and one need only read this "character" of the Cardinal in the dry, coarse prose of Campion, and compare it with Shakespeare's pathetic and "eloquent" lines, to see at once that there is, perhaps, no passage in the Poet where the

remark, "*nihil teligit quod non ornavit*," is more truly exemplified. Shakespeare, in all probability, had no more thought of Father Campion, or his "martyr's crown," when he was making immortal the deceased Wolsey, than had the present Laureate of the author of the newspaper description of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," when he was making immortal the "Six Hundred" heroes engaged in it.

It is evident from this statement, that Father O'Carroll's arguments, whereby in thirty closely-printed pages, he seeks to make a Jesuit—"an adherent of the old faith"—"a close intimate of Jesuits or their books"—of the great Poet of Mankind, is so thin, as not to supply an inch of foothold to stand upon. And yet it is but another evidence of the multifarious power and popularity of our beloved Shakespeare, that "all sorts and conditions of men," all sects and creeds of religion, all trades, occupations and professions, of society, are continually ransacking his imperishable works for some allusion, sentiment, or passage, by which they can identify the man as having been one of themselves. JOSEPH CROSBY.

In January, 1874, Mr. J. Payne Collier printed, for private circulation among his friends, the first part of a very interesting little book which he called "Trilogy,"* and the second and third parts (completing the work) were also printed during the same year. The impression was limited to fifty copies, and as we have reason to think that only two complete copies of that number reached this side of the Atlantic, we propose to give a short account of the book, which is of the deepest interest to Shakespearean students, and yet we think that many of them have never heard of its existence, owing to the very small number of copies printed. We are indebted to Mr. Collier for a copy of the complete work, which we have used in the preparation of this notice.

Perhaps we cannot better state the object and aim of the book than by reproducing Mr. Collier's Preface:

"My object in printing this small work, is not to revive controversy, but to settle obligation—to show where, and to what extent, since the publication of my volume of 'Notes and Emendations,' in 1853, editors of Shakespeare have availed themselves of the manuscript notes contained in my Corrected Folio of the year 1632.

**Trilogy.* Conversations between Three Friends on the Emendations of Shakespeare's Text contained in Mr. Collier's Corrected Folio, 1632, and employed by recent editors of the poet's works. Printed for private circulation only. Part I.—Comedies. Part II.—Histories. Part III.—Tragedies. [By J. Payne Collier, Esq.] 4to. London: 1874.

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"I have earnestly striven to be impartial; and I have taken the much, rather than well, considered impression of the poet's works by the late Rev. Alexander Dyce as my text-book in this inquiry.

"He has now been dead several years; but we were intimate friends for about a quarter of a century; and it was only my engagement with a publisher to prepare an edition of Shakespeare in 1842, that occasioned the first difference between Mr. Dyce and myself; until then, I was not aware that he had entertained a similar design. Our paths from that date began to diverge, and, I deeply regret to add, never reapproached.

"I trust that in what follows I have treated him and his labors with all proper respect: if he had esteemed me half as much as I valued him, our intercourse would never have been interrupted. He was a man of refined scholarship, though I may think his judgment defective; and it is to be lamented, that his many good qualities and varied attainments did not enlarge his mind much beyond the sphere of his own wants and wishes.

"If at any time, among so many references, I have been mistaken either in quotation or allusion, it has been wholly unintentional. All I desire is, to establish the manner in, and the amount to, which Mr. Dyce and others have made use of my much reviled old volume for the illustration and improvement of the text of Shakespeare's 'Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies.' If the asperity of the notes and criticisms of my adversaries have here and there tinged my style, or led me astray from the narrow line of mere vindication, I am heartily sorry for it.

"Our common purpose ought to be the detection and correction of textual error, not the display of critical sagacity; the higher we elevate the genius of Shakespeare, the more we demonstrate our own insignificance:

'He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.'

"It is only the grandeur of Shakespeare that can give the smallest value to verbal emendation, and I feel so strongly the comparatively little interest that must be taken in it, that I have addressed the ensuing sheets only to my private and personal friends; dividing the whole into parts (according to the character of the productions to which they relate) because, having arrived at so great an age, I may not live to complete my undertaking. But *dum spiro, spero*.

"J. P. C.

"January 11th, 1874."

Mr. Collier not only lived to finish this work, but seems as well and as strong as he was ten years ago. May he live many years more!

The style of the work is conversational, the three speakers (two of whom we need not say are mere imaginary persons) being Alton, Newmman and Collier. This style has its advantages in a work of this character, as it enables Mr. Collier to state the

objections that have been made to the readings of the Corrected Folio of 1632 by several editors, and then to point triumphantly to their adoption by those very editors who had abused the emendations. The vindication is very ingenious, and we must admit the most satisfactory that could be made. Thus the late Mr. Dyce was one of the bitterest opponents of the readings of the Corrected Folio of 1632, and yet Mr. Collier is able to show numerous instances in which he afterwards adopted them in his (Dyce's) text. We all know what a hard thing it is to "back down" from our opinions, and especially when they are committed to the custody of type. Therefore when we find Mr. Dyce doing this, we feel certain that nothing short of a strong conviction that the emendations were right would have induced him to do so.

The book is beautifully printed, and very well written, and we only regret that Mr. Collier should have seen fit to print it privately, instead of publishing it in the ordinary way, and thus giving to the world the benefit of what he has written. We do not agree with him when he states, in his preface, that comparatively little interest will be taken in it. Comparatively little interest in this or any other critical work on the text to the grand plays themselves it may be, but fully as much, if not more than the great majority of such works. We hope that Mr. Collier will alter his determination, and publish a second edition, and thus make the work accessible to the ordinary student. As it is now its usefulness is very limited—at least in this country. We do not think that any public library in New York, Philadelphia or Boston possesses a copy, and, besides our own, we know of only one other complete copy in the United States, and that is in the library of Horace Howard Furness, Esq.

About a year ago the Boston Public Library purchased the fine library of the late Mr. Barton of New York. It embraced a very fine Shakespearian collection, and besides a good set of the Shakespeare folios, it contained quite a number of the early quarto editions of the plays. Soon after its acquisition the Boston Public Library commenced the task of making a catalogue of it.

The able and accomplished superintendent of the library determined that this catalogue should contain at least one distinctive feature, and that this should be the portion devoted to Shakespeare. With this end in view he commenced the publication, in his monthly reports, of a list of the folio and quarto editions of Shakespeare in the Barton collection, together with notices of other copies sold at different times in England, and a full account of all copies known to be in this country. Many interesting and valuable Shakespearian bibliographical details have thus been made known to the world, and we look forward with great interest to the publication of the complete catalogue. Much credit is due to Mr. Winsor for the trouble and pains that he has incurred to render the catalogue complete and valuable.

A correspondent writes us as follows in answer to Mr. Poinier's inquiry in the February number of the *BIBLIOPOLIST*:

"He shall die a flea's death."—*Vide Bibliopolist*, February, p. 34.—I see nothing in this speech of Mrs. Ford's beyond what appears on the surface. The idea of the flea doubtless occurred to the lady from the circumstance that it was a basket of *foul* linen they were searching, and in which Ford was certain of finding his "man." The poor abused knight feelingly describes the contents of this basket, "fretting in their own grease," among which he was packed "hilt to point," and out of which "the knaves slighted him into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies." Such a harbor would of course be the very place for fleas most to congregate and breed: and all that Mrs. Ford, being a tidy housekeeper, intimates is, that if they found "a man" in the same nest he should be exterminated,—his life should be poisoned out, or stamped out, with as much haste, and as little compunction of conscience, as she would administer to the obnoxious insect aforesaid an effectual dose of

DEAD SHOT.

Zanesville, Ohio, March 3, 1875.

Mr. Halliwell's (Phillips) long expected work on Shakespeare has at last been published,—or at least the first part, we should say.* It has now been several years since he first announced the important discovery he made concerning the relations of Shakespeare to the Lord Chamberlain's

Company, and some time ago he generously issued for private circulation a few copies of certain pages of his forthcoming work containing his discoveries. By this act, he placed Shakespearian students in possession of the principal new facts contained in the present volume, but of course by far the greater part remained unpublished, and was first given to the world in the present work.

Mr. Phillipps (or rather Mr. Halliwell, as we must call him in this notice, as he has wisely chosen to continue his former name in his literary career,—by which he is so well known and recognized as the first living authority as to all matters concerning the biography of Shakespeare) possesses rare abilities for the labor he so delights in. He has great patience, wonderful accuracy, unwearying endurance, and a persistent faith that further details, concerning the poet's life, will come to light. He has already done more to add to our scanty knowledge of Shakespeare's life than any of the poet's biographers since Malone. And when Malone wrote there was much to be reaped. Now the harvest has been gathered in, and the gleaners who go over the same ground find but a stray grain or two, here and there.

In view of these facts, the mass of materials which Mr. Halliwell has here accumulated—many of them discovered by himself—is perfectly marvellous. He reprints documents giving full accounts of the partnerships, salaries and management of the theatres of Shakespeare's day; he gives maps of those portions of old London showing the location of the theatres; and in addition to a mass of valuable information on a variety of subjects connected with the life of Shakespeare, he gives data and materials of the highest importance for a history of the stage. Indeed it is partially a history of the stage, and it is a very capital way of illustrating that portion of Shakespeare's life that was spent in London, while he was connected with the theatres. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Halliwell for this work, and we wish we had only more such scholars as he has time and again proved himself to be. In these days of assumption and arrogance it is delightful to come across a great scholar, who is not working for his own renown but for that of the great poet. In addition to his attainments, Mr. Halliwell possesses

* Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare in a discursive series of Essays on a variety of subjects connected with the personal and literary history of the Great Dramatist. Part the First. Folio. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1874.

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a rare modesty which has prompted him to withhold his name from the title page of this volume—but it was not necessary for him to put it there, for we all know that such a work could only have been produced by him.

In conclusion we would remark that the book is beautifully printed, on superb hand-made paper, of the finest quality.

A new edition of Gervinus' "Commentaries on Shakespeare" ** has been lately published. The translation is said to have been revised; and in glancing over it, and comparing this edition with the former translation, published in two volumes octavo, in 1863, we find that it has certainly been improved. Many typographical errors that disfigured the old edition, however, are repeated in the present one. This edition contains an "Introduction" by Mr. F. J. Furnivall. This "Introduction" is the most wretched, conceited piece of writing it has ever been our misfortune to come across. It is almost sickening to see a man who has just "crammed" on Shakespeare, within a few months, talking in the manner he does of the variorum editors, and other Shakespearian scholars, who have devoted a life-time to the study. He thinks he knows it all. Owing to the "gifts that God gives, sir," he got himself appointed as the "most senseless and fit" person to be the director of the New Shakespeare Society, and he alone must "carry the lantern." He well sustains the parallel, and all that is wanting is some neighbor Seacole, with his pen and inkhorn, "to specify, when time and place shall serve, that" he is "an ass!" If ignorance and presumption were the distinguishing marks of worthy "Master Constables," certainly Mr. Furnivall is as well entitled by nature to the long ears as his immortal prototype. "Masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"

* Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. G. Gervinus, Professor at Heidelberg. Translated under the Author's superintendence, by F. E. Bunnett. New edition, thoroughly revised by the Translator. [With an Introduction by F. J. Furnivall, Esq.] 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.

Since propounding our query in the February number of the BIBLIOPOLIST as to the purchaser of the Felton Portrait, at the sale in London, in February, 1873, we have discovered an account of the whole matter in *The Antiquary* for November 8, 1873. Mr. H. Wright, in an article on Shakespeare's Portraits, says that it was put up for sale on February 15, 1873, at Sotheby's auction rooms, and that the first bid was only 8*l.*, but it was run up to 87*l.*, at which price it was purchased by Lady Burdett-Coutts. We presume that it is still in her possession.

A singular error occurs in the Preface to Mr. Richard Grant White's edition of Shakespeare, which we do not remember ever having seen pointed out in print before. It was communicated to us by Mr. Joseph Crosby. In the Preface to volume i, of his edition, at page xi, Mr. Grant White says:

"It is not uncommon to hear true lovers of Shakespeare, men of intelligence and no little acquaintance with literature, remark with gravity that it is dangerous to disturb the text. The text! What text? That of the folio, which, in scores of passages, is absolutely unintelligible, and in others deficient? That of the quartos, of which the same is true, though in a greater degree, of all those plays which first appeared in that form? The text of 'Variorum of 1821,' and read, for instance, as people read for twenty-five years, 'So much uncurable her garboils,' instead of, 'So much uncurable her garboils'? Every reader will reply, that of course, he wishes the corrupted passages of the folio and the quartos, and such as that just quoted from Malone's 'Variorum,' to be restored," etc.

If the reader will turn to page 226, vol. xii, of his "Variorum of 1821," he will find the line quoted by Mr. Grant White printed "So much *uncurbable*, her garboils, Cæsar," and not *uncurable*, as he states. The "Variorum of 1803" (page 71, vol. xvii) reads *uncurable*; and the "Variorum of 1813" (page 71, vol. xvii) also reads *uncurable*. Surely Mr. Grant White must have referred to one or the other of these editions, when he asserted the word was *uncurable* in the "Variorum of 1821," and did not refer to that edition, or he would have discovered his mistake. We do not record this in any carping spirit, but merely as an example of the great liability to errors in any critical work, for Mr. Grant White points out this as an example, and of course must have taken extra pains to

have all such correct. Had it occurred in the body of the work we should not have been so surprised, but it does seem odd that an example brought so prominently forward in his Preface should have such a vexatious error in it.—“*Humanum est errare.*”

Mr. J. Payne Collier is preparing for the press a privately printed edition of Shakespeare.* Only fifty copies will be printed, and they have been all subscribed for. The size will be small quarto, and the type will be that known as “old style.” The paper is to be heavy and tinted. Each play is to be issued separately to the subscribers, as soon as it is printed.

This will be Mr. Collier's fourth edition of Shakespeare, the first having been published in 1842, in 8 vols., 8vo; the second, in 1853, in 1 vol., 4to; and the third, in 6 vols., 8vo, in 1858. Few men would undertake such an arduous labor at his age, for we believe he is telling no secret, in saying that he is over eighty-six years old; but he is full of hope, and his vigor seems unimpaired. Under date of February 3, 1875, he writes us:

“It seems a bold, perhaps presumptuous, but at all events an odd thing, for a man of my age (86 and a fortnight) to commence an undertaking, for the execution of which not less than two or three years will be required; but I want to set an example of what I think (others may not, and probably will not agree with me) a Shakespeare, both in text, type and shape ought to be; and if I do not live to finish it, I cannot help it. I will complete it as far as I can, and as fast as I can, considering the patient toil it demands. I like the work, and that is something towards speed, as well as completeness.

“It will only cost subscribers print and paper, and the whole edition to them will be only fifty copies, so that the book must be a rarity. I would, of course, willingly have it 500, or 5,000 copies, but they are not wanted; possibly not the fifty, but my list was full in a week.”

Mr. Collier is one of those few men in the world, who undervalue the worth of their own work. We can assure him that he would have found no difficulty in making his list of subscribers much larger than it is. He could readily have obtained twice as many in this country as he did in England, had he given Americans a chance, but his proposals for publishing this edition

* Since the above was written “The Tempest,” “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” and “Merry Wives of Windsor” have been issued. A review of them will appear in the next number of the BIBLIOPOLIST.

appeared in the *Athenæum*, for January 9, 1875, and in a week his list was full, as he himself says. Had it not been for the courtesy of a friend, who subscribed for a copy for us, we should not have been able to procure one.

Mr. Poinier sends us the following with regard to Shakespeare and Free Masonry:

I do not remember seeing anything in print relative to the question of Shakespeare having been a Free Mason. If any reader of the BIBLIOPOLIST is aware of any publication having reference to such a matter, I should be glad if he would communicate the title of such book to the editor of the BIBLIOPOLIST. Speculative Masonry was not practised in England until 1720, and Sir Christopher Wren was the first Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons under the Speculative Work. Prior to 1720 all Masons were “operative,” that is, mechanical or practical masons or builders, but on some occasions eminent men who were not mechanics were accepted and admitted in the Order by reason of their superior qualifications in other pursuits in life. This is the way the term “accepted,” in relation to Free and Accepted Masons, came into use; previously, the phraseology of the craft had been “Free Masons.” No hint of any idea exists that Shakespeare ever was engaged in the practical labor of a building mechanic, and this would seem to indicate that he was never a member of the Order of Masons, though his superlative genius as a poet may have attracted the recognition of the Order and induced them to persuade him to become one of their mysterious body. One would suppose—the nature of Shakespeare's intellect being so intensely acquisitive—that his own predilections would have led him to inquire into the mysteries of so ancient a society, and practically observe for himself the intelligence which it embodied.

The query of Shakespeare having been a Mason could not have escaped the attention of all the biographers and commentators from Nicholas Rowe down to J. P. Collier and J. O. Halliwell, inclusive. If any of these writers have investigated the question I should be glad to know the result of their researches. There must still be in existence in London, records of the lodges of Shakespeare's time. Have they ever been examined? If not, and admitting that such journals are still to be seen, would it not be worth spending the time and trouble to examine them in the hope of discovering something new about Shakespeare? If even no mention of his name were found, might not the name of some one else, or other information, lead to some clue of discovery—some new path of exploration? Ben. Jonson was an operative mason—a bricklayer—could not he have been a disciple of the square and compass? And if he were, what more likely than that there was conversation between him and his friend Shakespeare about this mysterious body, and ultimately, masonic brotherhood. Players of the present time are generally brothers of the Order; do they derive their partiality for it from their old masters in the guild of “players”?

J. W. POINIER.

Newark, N. J., March 26, 1875.

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THE PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

By HORATIO ROGERS.

[From the "Providence Press."]

I.—THE CARTER-BROWN LIBRARY.

It is proposed in a series of sketches to be issued at brief intervals, to make some mention of the private libraries of Providence, a number of which are abundantly worthy of notice. It is hoped that such descriptions may do something towards encouraging a literary taste in those who are now destitute of it, while they can hardly fail to interest those who are already lovers of books, for this latter class, on account of their quiet and studious habits, do not usually take time enough from their own, to become familiar with the libraries of others. These considerations, it is believed, will induce those fortunate enough to possess fine collections of books, to consent to the appearance of their names in print, and to the exposure of the treasures of their private houses, as it were, to the public gaze.

Of all the private libraries in this city, that of the late John Carter Brown will take precedence, whether judged by number, rarity, or money value. It is located in a room built expressly for it. This room extends back from the main body of his late residence, with which it is connected by a single doorway closed by double doors, one being of iron, and is practically fire proof. It is a spacious and attractive room, twenty-two by thirty-four feet, and about fifteen feet high, lighted chiefly by an ample skylight, from the centre of which is suspended a large chandelier. A French window on the north side looks pleasantly out upon an extensive garden, and directly opposite is a smaller window with a southern aspect, both being guarded with iron shutters. With these exceptions the walls are unbroken, and are lined with heavily burdened book shelves, extending on three sides to the cornice, while on the fourth side they do not reach quite as high. A good-sized writing table stands in the middle of the tessellated floor, on which are laid several rich and handsome rugs. Four or five marble busts and figures, on pedestals, lend elegance to the literary atmosphere of the room, and the necessary complement of chairs and sofas completes the furnishing of the apartment. All the books are exposed to an unobstructed view, save only a very few in a single case covered with glass.

The library contains between 8,000 and 10,000 volumes, and over 7,000 titles. In its principal department, works, published prior to this century, pertaining to the history of America on both continents, and in all languages, it is unsurpassed. The limits of a newspaper article are quite inadequate to detail all the treasures of this literary storehouse, and among so much wealth it is embarrassing to know what to take and what to leave, for one can mention but a very few.

Here may be found no less than fifteen editions of the Voyages of Americus Vesputius, in Latin, Italian, German, and Dutch, printed between 1503 and 1508, the copy in the latter language being the only one known. Of the famous Letter of Columbus to Fer-

dinand and Isabella, describing his first voyage, there are the seven known editions, all printed in 1493; among them one printed at Paris, the only copy known to be in existence.

Of early Voyages and Travels there is no end, and the famous collection published by the *De Bry* family, between 1590 and 1630, in nearly all the editions extant, is here contained in one hundred and four folio volumes, in matchless beauty and perfection, as also the collection of *Halsius*, published in Nuremberg in the 16th and 17th centuries, in twenty-six quarto volumes.

Then there is a collection of works in the Indian languages of North and South America, embracing the two editions of Eliot's Indian Bible, printed in 1663 and 1685, with many other books for the instruction of the Indians, or relating to them. A number of these languages have now vanished from the face of the earth. The oldest book produced in America, in this collection, was printed in Mexico, in 1544.

There are books in abundance on Greenland and the ice-bound regions of the Pole; and still more on South America and the tropical regions of the equator. Indeed, no part of America appears to have been overlooked, and no subject pertaining to its history seems to have been omitted. This library is a huge repository of fundamental historical material, and one has but to turn to the foot notes of such histories as Bancroft's, Prescott's, Motley's, and Sir Arthur Help's, to learn how it is moulded and prepared by master hands for our more feeble intellectual digestion.

Rhode Island Bibliography has also been made a specialty, and hundreds of volumes written by Rhode Island men, or pertaining to Rhode Island subjects, are here collected; prominent among which are all the writings, in original editions, of Roger Williams, John Clarke, Samuel Gorton, and other venerable worthies. A complete set of the Rhode Island Schedules, from 1722 to the present time, is an interesting feature of this department. Prior to 1742 they are in manuscript only, for in that year they first began to be printed. Each session is bound up by itself, being in folio size till 1816, and since then in octavo. Of our State laws, also, are all the digests ever issued, from the first one in 1719. Of this first digest only four perfect copies are known to be in existence—the one in Mr. Brown's library, the one in our State Library, and two in the Congressional Library, one of which latterly belonged to the Jefferson Library, and contains Thomas Jefferson's manuscript notes on the margins. Relating to the department of Rhode Island History are ten folio volumes of manuscript, copied from documents in the State Paper Office in London, and selected by our ex-Lieut. Governor S. G. Arnold, when he was residing in the English capital, collecting material for his standard history of this State. There are likewise six manuscript folio volumes copied from the different collections in the Massachusetts Historical Society, all relating to Rhode Island affairs. The whole forms a mass of the most valuable historical matter.

Another branch of Mr. Brown's library is a collection of National Polyglot Bibles, the oldest, and, it is presumed, the most valuable of which is the Complutensian of Cardinal Ximenes, printed in six

folio volumes, at the expense of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain, in 1514-1517.

Of fine books, regarded either from their contents or their mechanical execution, I cannot leave unmentioned a group of three or four hundred volumes of Latin and Greek classics, printed by Aldus, chief among which is Aristotle, in five folio volumes, printed in 1495, and Homer, in four volumes, printed in 1542-1549. One of the most attractive books in the whole library, and probably one of the most costly, is "The Golden Legende," printed by William Caxton, in 1493. It is a folio in superb condition, and each leaf has doubtless been taken separately and washed, for it is as fresh and clean as a modern volume. A peculiarity of the book is that the leaves, and not the pages, are numbered. Its title is so quaint that one will be excused for giving it in full. "Here begynneth the legende named in Latin aurea, that is to say in englys, the golden legende: for lyke as passeth goide in valewe al other metallys soo thys legende exceedeth all other bookes."

Mr. Brown possessed many very elegant and expensive miscellaneous and illustrated books. Of this class are Dibdin's various bibliographical works, on large paper, of which the "Decameron" has over five hundred inserted portraits, and the "Tour in Germany" is so extensively illustrated as to be extended from three volumes to six. Some of the most valuable made-up books are Irving's quarto edition of Washington, extended from five volumes to ten, by the insertion of over one thousand plates; Marshall's Washington, similarly profusely illustrated; Petric's Mary Queen of Scots, extended from two to four volumes; Thiers' "French Revolution," on large paper, in ten volumes; and Boswell's "Johnson," the first quarto edition, extended from two to six volumes, and containing, among its affluence of plates, one hundred and seventeen different portraits of Dr. Johnson; also, the "Johnsoniana," on large paper, extended from one volume to three volumes.

The binding of Mr. Brown's books is simply sumptuous, for, to his appreciative eye, his favorite volumes were worthy of their liveries. Hayday, Bedford, and Riviere, of London, and the most famous binders of Continental Europe, have all been called into frequent requisition, and some of their work is superlatively elegant. One book surpasses anything ever before seen by the writer. The leather is heavy red crushed levant morocco, with rich and elaborate gilt tooling inside and out, and where ordinarily is to be found within the cover tinted or marbled paper, is thick, green watered silk. The binding itself was a work of art, and was done by Petit, of Paris.

The gathering of such a collection requires, as will easily be imagined, not only large means, but also much knowledge and considerable time; and it is no disparagement to its late wealthy owner to say, that, but for his good fortune in securing so able a coadjutor as the Hon. John R. Bartlett, his library would have fallen far short of its present high excellence. This latter gentleman prepared a catalogue which Mr. Brown caused to be printed in 1865-1871, in four imperial octavo volumes, and, as only fifty copies were printed for private circulation, they are now in great demand; the first two volumes were sold at the sale in Leipsic, a year or two ago, of the library of M. Sobolewski, a learned Russian, of Moscow, for a

hundred and thirty dollars. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Brown's library is to be kept up by his family.

This sketch cannot be closed better than by quoting from a foot note on page 128 of the third volume of the Spanish Conquest in America (first English edition), by the very recently deceased Sir Arthur Helps. "Puga's 'Collection of Ordinances,' printed in Mexico, in 1563, in folio, is the earliest summary of Spanish colonial law, relating to the New World. It is a work of the highest rarity: there is not a copy known to exist in England. The one which I have made use of belongs to John Carter Brown, Esq., of Providence, Rhode Island, in America, who kindly sent it over to his friend, Mr. Henry Stevens, in order that I might be permitted to consult it. As far as I have been able to judge, the American collectors of books are exceedingly liberal and courteous in the use of them, and seem really to understand what the object should be in forming a great library."

II.—MR. ALEXANDER FARNUM'S LIBRARY.

I have somewhere read the story that a Roman expended vast sums in purchasing a household of learned slaves. He wished to have the best poets and historians in living editions. One servant recited the whole of the "Iliad"; another chanted the "Odes of Pindar." Every standard author had a representative. The library of Mr. Farnum reminds one of the household of the Roman; though happily the servile editions of the ancient are replaced by the modern invention of the free press. They certainly resemble each other in the possession of the best poets and historians in the best editions, and in every standard author's having a representative.

Mr. Farnum's library is a gem, and it would be difficult to gather together a more attractive collection of books of like number. It contains about 4,500 volumes, and is chiefly composed of classical English literature, wherein it is without a rival in this vicinity. Among its strong points are the drama, embracing the major and minor dramatists from Shakespeare down, the British poets, general history, bibliography, including early typography, antiquarian works, especially of the Elizabethan age, literary history, and the fine arts. Upon wood engraving it is particularly full. Every book in the library, almost without exception, is the very best edition ever issued, in whatever form that may be, and often, of works of high character, where there are several approved editions, all are to be found upon his shelves. For example, there are about twenty different editions of Shakespeare, from Halliwell's folio to Pickering's diminutive Diamond. Milton is also represented in several of the choicest editions, from that of John Baskerville to that of William Pickering. Some of the books are most daintily gotten up, and about eight hundred volumes are large paper copies and limited editions; there being only five copies issued of one work in the style owned by Mr. Farnum; of another but twelve; of several others twenty-five, fifty, and so on as the case may be. Of course such exceptional styles add much to the value.

To enumerate all the richness of this literary treasury will be utterly impossible in a short sketch like this; to cull out a few of its choicest varieties will be my endeavor, though, in attempting to do so,

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one feels like saying with the aged Dryden—"Thoughts come crowding in so fast upon me that the only difficulty is to choose or to reject."

Mr. Farnum's copy of Dibdin's *Bibliographical Works* is among the finest in the world, for he possesses the only one of some parts of them in existence. They are all on large paper, and include the first six signatures of the "Typographical Antiquities" printed on vellum, and intended for the Earl Spencer, Dibdin's patron. These signatures belonged to William Savage, the printer, and such was the difficulty in working on vellum that the copy was never completed. The title page informs us that it was "The only portion, and only copy that was printed on vellum." Dibdin projected a "Disquisition on Early Engraving and Ornamental Printing," and though he never got so far as the actual composition of the work, still, with the assistance of Savage, the printer, he gathered much material for it, in the form of a collection of numerous title pages of early printers, and many wood engravings of Albert Durer, Hans Burgkmair, Cranach, and many of the most famous engravers from their day to Bewick. The whole, constituting a most unique assortment, are mounted, or inlaid, in a folio volume. They have been inspected by various engravers of this country, awakening great interest. It is a matter of profound astonishment that the British Museum, and the appreciative and wealthy collectors of literary rarities in England, should have allowed these two last named volumes to cross the Atlantic. The "Decameron" contains the rare ebony spectacle portrait of Tom Paine, of which only twenty-five were printed. In the Bibliographical department are also found a beautiful copy of Brydges' scarce works in twenty volumes, the "Manuals" of Brunet and Horne, on large paper, and the "Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica," also on large paper, and extensively illustrated by the insertion of many rare portraits.

Of choice copies of valuable books we find the "Harleian Miscellany," in ten quarto volumes, from Rufus Choate's library, with his autograph on a fly leaf; also, Somers' "Tracts" in thirteen volumes of uniform size; Pickering's "Prayer Book" in seven folio volumes, beginning with the Prayer Book of Edward VI., and showing all the changes to the present time; Aristotle's works translated by Thomas Taylor, in ten quarto volumes, of which but fifty copies were printed, and, according to Brunet, forming the only uniform edition of Aristotle's complete works in any modern language; Ritson's *Antiquarian Works* in forty volumes, bound in tree calf by Riviere, with all the cancelled leaves and suppressed passages; Yarrell's "Birds and Fishes" in six imperial octavo volumes, full of elegant wood cuts, only fifty copies of that size ever having been issued; Halliwell's folio Shakespeare, illustrated by Fairholt, in sixteen volumes, of which there were but one hundred and fifty copies printed; of this latter there were sixteen American subscribers, Mr. Farnum being one, though, in the mutations of libraries, some more copies have now found their way to America. This is one of the best specimens of printing of modern times, being all worked by hand and not by power, and the paper is superb.

Then there are works of marvellous beauty, containing specimens of illumination and decoration of

the middle ages. Of this class is Silvestre's "Universal Paleography," or fac-similes of writing of all nations and periods, in two elegant folios. They are gorgeous volumes, and have the reputation of being some of the finest books ever issued. Not unlike in character are the original edition of "Le Moyen Age" by La Croix, and Shaw's books relating to the middle ages on large paper, viz.: "Illuminated Ornaments"; "Dresses, and Decorations"; "Decorative Arts, Ecclesiastical and Civil," etc. The attractiveness of this style of works, by reproducing the ornamentation of even old books alone, whether of letter or illustration, can well be understood by those not familiar with them, by the following quotation from an English writer, who, in speaking of a Gothic story of the fourteenth century, "before the press vulgarized wonders," thus describes the class to which it belonged:—"The scribe, the artist, and the binder, lavished their time and skill. Six years were not unfrequently spent upon the internal decorations. The margin, in the place of canvas, was enriched with portraits, magnificent dresses, flowers and fruits. Letters of silver shone on a purple ground. Golden roses studded a covering of crimson velvet; the clasps of precious metal, richly chased, shut up the adventurous knights and the radiant damsels in their splendid home."

There are illustrated books in profusion, and all superb. There are Lodge's "Portraits," Houbraaken's "Heads," and Woodman's "Gallery of Rare Portraits," all in folio; then, too, there is an original "Hogarth" from the library of David Roberts, the painter, in elephant folio; and of like size, Westwood's "Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo Saxon and Irish Manuscripts."

The made-up works, or books illustrated with inserted plates, form an elegantly marked feature of Mr. Farnum's collection. Prominent among them, and one believed to be unrivalled in the world, is a collection of over 1,700 plates of Bartolozzi, the celebrated Florentine designer and engraver, in five elephant folios, containing a number of working proofs, there being series of several of the plates in different stages of finish. Of great elegance are Dibdin's "Tour in France and Germany," second edition, extended from three to eight volumes, superbly bound in full red-crushed levant morocco; Irving's "Washington"; Dunlap's "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," extending from two to four volumes; Roger's "Pleasures of Memory," and Cowper's "Task," both inlaid to quarto size, magnificently illustrated with many proofs and autograph letters, and richly bound. Space forbids my mentioning but a single work more. This is Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," inlaid to folio size. It was gotten up by William Upcott, a man famous in England for his love of literary rarities. It afterward belonged to John Allan, of New York, likewise noted for his fine books, and by him it was considered one of his choicest gems. It contains one hundred and forty-five extra portraits, mostly proofs, as well as many plates of localities. Besides the autographs of Lord and Lady Byron, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Aberdeen, Lady Holland, the graceful mistress of Holland House, and numerous other illustrious personages, there are original letters of Wordsworth, Lamb, Sydney Smith, Fox, Rogers, Gifford, R. P. Knight,

Montgomery, William Cobbett, William Miller, Richard Cumberland, John Murray, the senior, Lord Hervey, reporting the sale of his "South Sea" stock, the Duke of Portland, and others. No wonder its respective owners have reckoned it a prize.

Perhaps I shall be excused the personality of saying that Mr. Farnum is probably among the most careful students of bibliography in America; had he not been he would have found it very difficult to have made so choice a collection. Of course he has been a score, or more, of years about it, and was early imbued with a love for books. One can, with great propriety, apply to Mr. Farnum's mental acquisitions, as well as to his collecting books, the lines of the poet:

"What the child admired,
The youth endeavored, and the man acquired."

KEATS.

The present generation need not be painfully reminded of the Scriptural text, about stoning the prophets and building their tombs, as to the proposed restoration of the tablet over the grave of Keats. The political partisanship which produced the infamous criticism of his poems never represented public opinion, and has become almost a thing of the past. There are literary organs which still decline to recognize any poetry later or more modern in sentiment and style than that of Crabbe, but their animosity has all the respectability of extreme old age and feebly conservative spitefulness. No periodical, however "savage and tartarly," is likely to produce in the most sensitive poet those "effects resembling insanity" which Shelley reports in the case of Keats, after the criticism of the *Quarterly Review*. It is almost a pity that the inscription on the sepulchre of the young poet should contain any allusion to the supposed occasion of his fatal illness. "In the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies," the young poet desired that he should be described "as one whose name was writ in water." These words, and this allusion to the assailant who made political differences an excuse for insulting the rare and sensitive genius of a poet, are alien to the infinite peace of the dead. Above all, they are alien to the character of that beautiful graveyard where "the tombs," said Shelley, years before Keats was laid to rest in Rome, "are mostly of women and young people." The cemetery of the protestant English at Rome is the beautiful burial-place of the beautiful and

the beloved, who have left our bitter climate to win a few months more life in a land where life is worth living for its own sake. The grave of Keats is sacred in that soil, like the sepulchre of some hero-founder of a Grecian colony. Among the young, the fair, the hopeful, whom the gods have loved too well, he was the most hopeful, the most divinely gifted, and the greatest. His tomb is the most hallowed shrine in that churchyard, which makes the beholder "almost in love with death." "The cemetery is in an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies." These winter garlands, that silent company of the youthful and the lovely, make the most appropriate burial-place for the singer who is laid there. In one of his songs, Heinrich Heine, undreaming as yet of his death in noisy Paris, and of his "mattress-grave," asks where his own sepulchre is fated to be, "under palm-trees of the south, or under lindens by the Rhine." Perhaps after all he found a more appropriate rest in the city of wits and mockers. There is a curious fitness in the last homes of the great lyrist of our age. Shelley's light body passed into air and fire, beneath the sky, and beside the splendid sea of Spezzia. Scott, who sought vainly for health in the native land of art, sleeps after his last sad journey, within sound of his beloved Tweed, at Dryburgh. Byron, after his wanderings, rests in the native soil from which, with all his wildness, his vigor and his daring sprang. Keats's grave is in a God's acre no less fit; it is only a part of the words upon his tomb that do violence to that beautiful repose.

It has been said of late years, and it may come to be believed, that criticism had nothing to do with hastening the end of Keats. In point of fact there is little doubt that his days could never have been long. He was naturally consumptive; his hand, when he was only twenty one, was like that of a man of fifty. "There is death in that hand," Coleridge said, when he first met him. Other than literary griefs oppressed him, a hopeless, and to most readers, mysterious, passion seemed actually to burn up his life. To read of his last days, to hear across the gulf of years the accents of his agony, is to understand, for once, the fiery nature of the great poet. Mere men

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of letters can afford to smile at reviews. They know something of the writers, and can estimate, as far as things infinitesimal can be estimated, the value of their praise or dispraise. But a poet whose whole frame is tuned like an instrument of music, and who is what he is by virtue of this rare sensibility, which vibrates to emotions, sensations, harmonies, and discords unfelt by the world, may be excused for being too painfully affected by praise or blame. It is easy to smile complacently at this sensitiveness, and to feel strong in the armor of common sense. No doubt the good or bad word of a critic, who represents a bigoted school of politics, an antiquated school of taste, ought to be of no importance in the eyes of a young poet, whose mission it is, in a sense, to make all things new. But the poet must feel the foolish scorn, in spite of common sense, above all if he be a poet of the school of Keats, with whom extraordinary acute sensation was the greatest part of his gift of genius. Looking back from to-day upon the past, and seeing how the malignant singers have carried posterity captive—how Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, have triumphed over Gifford and Jeffrey—it seems hard to understand how the poets could allow themselves to be wounded to the quick by the bad words of the reviewers. The fact is that the reviewers represented in those days, conservatism, society, moral order. Their *raison d'être* was to tread down the ashes of the revolution which might be smouldering in England. The great poets were almost all, at one period or another, inspired by the air of freedom that was abroad. No writer could well be less concerned with political movements than Keats. But his friends, and his sympathies, were on the side of freedom, and that, far more than his wild innovations in language and in metres, won him the hatred of the tory reviewers.

It has often been asked whether, if Keats had lived, he would have enriched English poetry with productions worthy of his early fame. No one has done so much who died so young; no one leaving life at twenty-six has left behind such poems as "Hyperion," and the great odes to the Nightingale, and to the Grecian Urn. It is urged that Raffiello and De Musset had as wonderful a youth, and that

their maturer years did not produce work which was a great advance on their more youthful efforts. Both were essentially young in every way: age with its settled calm, manhood with its strength, were not in their gift. Perhaps Keats, in the same manner, had exhausted most of what it was in him to give. An argument on either side might be drawn from the polish, the purity and repose of his later poems, as "Hyperion." In his "Endymion," the gods and goddesses, the nymphs, dryads, fauns of old Greece, revel round the singer, as if moved by the lyre of Orpheus. "Endymion" is a great Bacchanalian procession, full of the joy and movement of youth. This lad, with less Greek than Shakespeare, had found the magic to waken the dead Greek sentiment, had re-discovered the charm which Marlowe had employed, centuries before, in Hero and Leander. Over the dry bones of the poetic mythology of the eighteenth century, a breeze had blown, and they took such shape and exuberant vitality as they might have owned when Dionysos came, a peaceful, conquering god of the vine, to Hellas. The poem is no doubt "spasmodic," and wants keeping, harmony, restfulness. But all these qualities make the charm of "Hyperion," and of the ode on the Grecian Urn, where the tranquillity of Sophocles or of Phidias, informed with a new sentiment and refined sadness, lives afresh. Was this the result of powers over-early mature, or over-soon decaying? About this no critic can speak as with certainty. "Cut was t'we branch that might have grown full straight," as Marlowe says of Faustus, and "broken was Apollo's laurel bough." It remains to Keats that he must ever seem a youth among the immortals, and that his fame is enhanced by a dim halo of unfulfilled renown.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY BLAKE.

By the gift of Mr. J. Deffett Francis, himself a painter, an interesting series of sketches by William Blake has lately been added to the Print Room at the British Museum. These sketches, generally slight in execution, are not, however, without considerable interest in regard to Blake's artistic career. Many of them are recognizable as the first pencil drawings for more elaborate works, and even here the known and rare qualities of the painter's genius are already apparent. The perfect certainty of imagination which gave at once to all its inventions a firm

and decisive outline, is an element of Blake's work not wholly absent even from the roughest draft for design, and although the first form of the thought might afterwards give place to a better, it is rather the exchange of one clear image for another than the advance from confusion to defined shape. This method of Blake's is sufficiently illustrated by two designs for the same subject, both contained in the little collection given by Mr. Francis. The subject was suggested to the artist by some lines in "Macbeth," and here we have a pencil drawing and a design in color printing differing materially in treatment, but both bearing witness to the power possessed by Blake of giving to every thought its sensuous shape. The series contains other drawings for finished works, one or two being for the illustrations to the "Book of Job." There is one sketch among the number which has a special interest as being connected with a work of Blake's that has only lately come to light. It belongs to a series of illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts," but is not among the forty-three engraved plates that were given to the world during Blake's lifetime. The drawing forms one of the complete series which still exists with all the original designs perfect as on the day they were executed.

Mr. Gilchrist, in his "Life of Blake," tells us that in the year 1796 Blake was employed to prepare designs for an illustrated edition of this poem, to be continued in parts. The designs were prepared, but the adventure failed, and the first part was all that the public was permitted to see of Blake's work in illustration of Young. The artist, however, with his indefatigable industry, had completed the whole series in water-color, and Mr. Gilchrist, who was aware of the existence of these original drawings, hazards the opinion that they had passed into one of the Royal collections. As a fact, they passed into the possession of a relative of the publisher residing in Yorkshire, and from Yorkshire they have but recently been brought to London. These designs, in number five hundred, are collected in two folio volumes. Those who are acquainted with the published plates will remember that the text of the poem, lodged in the centre of the page, frequently breaks the progress of the design, which is thus made to serve a decorative as well as an illustrative purpose. The same plan has been followed throughout the whole series. The pages of the work have been cut out and pasted on to folio sheets of drawing paper, and around this central space the artist has so disposed his illustrations as to produce a brilliant and beautiful result. Each leaf thus possesses a distinct ornamental value apart from, or rather we should say combined with, the deeper imaginative meaning of the design, and this decorative effect, which is perhaps the most striking feature of the work, considered in its character of a new witness to Blake's artistic powers, is largely dependent upon the skilful management of masses of color, and is therefore not to be judged either for good or evil by those who know only the engraved plates. There it often seems that the colossal figures are too large, not for the space in which they are exhibited, but for the artistic means employed in their representation. The engraving is slight though firm and distinct, leaving gaps that seem to want some other help to bring the different parts of the picture into an effective whole.

This help is supplied in the original drawings by the employment of color, and looking at those drawings we can scarcely doubt that color formed an integral part of Blake's scheme. In saying that the decorative excellence of these works is their most striking feature, we do not of course intend to imply that Blake's power over this branch of art is here newly discovered, and still less that the designs are wanting in other qualities. The volumes provide ample material for judging of the artist's extraordinary invention of sublime images—an invention that always retained a direct simplicity of manner in the treatment of even the most awful themes; and, considering the number, the consistency, and the perfect condition of these drawings, there are few other works that offer a better witness to Blake's genius in design. But on the side of decoration there is something distinct in the present series. The system of ornamentation differs very materially from that adopted in the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," where the page is covered with a delicate and elaborate pattern. In the treatment of Young's poem half the folio page is very often left untouched, and the edge of the colored part strikes boldly across the space, producing either through skilful management of its mass or carefully calculated intensity of tint a balanced and harmonious effect. With a taste less sure than Blake's, this bold method of dealing with the difficulties involved in the ornamentation of so large a surface must certainly have proved a failure. In this long series, however, the plan is tried with repeated success, and of the infinite variety of devices by which the necessary balance has been gained no just impression can be given by description. We have not, indeed, attempted to give a full estimate of the merit of the work; it has been our intention only to point out its unique value and importance. We may add a suggestion that the present opportunity of securing the drawings for the national collection ought not to be neglected. The fortunate possessor of them is, we are assured, willing that this should be their destination, and we can hardly believe that the authorities will let the occasion slip. The Print Room contains a fine series of Blake's printed books; but the original drawings from his hand are few. We cannot suppose that a chance like the present will occur again.

AN UNKNOWN "CAXTON."

BY WILLIAM BLADES.

There is nothing more striking in the bibliography of the early English press than the numerous instances in which works are known to us by only a single copy or the fragment of a copy. Especially is this the case with the productions of Caxton's Press, where, out of a total of ninety-six at present known, thirty-five are unique. To this latter class we must now add a newly-discovered tract, "impressus per willelmum Caxton in westmonasterio," an account of which has recently been published in the *Neuer Anzeiger* of Dr. Julius Petzholtz.

The article is written by Dr. G. Könnecke, Archivist of Marburg, who found the tract in an old volume of seventeenth-century divinity in the Hecht-Heinean Library at Halberstadt. The matter consists of six letters, between Pope Sixtus the Fourth and the Sacred College of Cardinals on one side, and the Doge of Venice on the other, the subject being the necessity of closing the war with the city of Ferrara. The size of the tract is quarto, and there are three signatures, *a*, *b*, *c*, each of which is a quaternion, in all twenty-four leaves, of which *a j* is blank. Unfortunately, Dr. Könnecke has not given the text of either commencement or end; but it begins on sig. *a ij recto*, with a blank space left for the rubricator, and it ends with twenty-three lines on sig. *c 8 verso*. The types are those known as Caxton's No. 4 and 4*, with a few lines of No. 3. The tract is similar in typographical appearance to the "Servitium de Visitatione," and the "Order of Chivalry," both from the same press about 1483, and both to be seen in the Library of the British Museum. The use of types 4 and 4* together points unmistakably to 1483 as the period of issue; and this date, gathered from the typographical particulars only, is completely verified by the letters themselves, the dates of which range from December 11th, 1482, to February, 1483. After an Introduction, which occupies three pages, the letters follow, and upon sig. *c 8 recto* is the following imprint:

"Finiunt sex p'elegantissime epistole/||
quarum tris (*sic*) a summo Pontifice Sixto
|| Quarto et Sacro Cardinalium Collegio ||
ad Illustrissimum Venetiarum ducem || Jo-
annem Mocenigum totidemqz ab ipso ||
Duce ad eundem Pontificem et Cardina-
|| les/ ob Ferrariense bellum/ susceptum/ con-
|| scripte sunt/ Impresse per wilhelmum
Cax || ton/ et diligenter emendate per
Petrum || Camelianu Poetar' Laureatum/ in
West- || monasterio "

Beneath this is a Latin quatrain, beginning "Eloquii cultor," followed by "Interpretatio magnarum literarum punctatarum paruarumque," the whole concluding on the *verso* of the same leaf.

We have now a few words to say about Petrus Carmelianus, who appears in Caxton's imprint as Poet Laureate. Mr.

Gairdner, in his Preface to the "Memoirs of King Henry the Seventh," published in 1858, for the Master of the Rolls, states, but without giving his authority, that Carmelianus had been in England from the time of Edward the Fourth. He may, therefore, have personally employed Caxton to print his "Sex Epistolæ." The title "Brixiensis" sometimes attached to his name shows that he was a native of the town of Brescia. He seems to have taken an interest in educational matters, as verses by him to John Anwykyl and to William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, are in the unique Latin and English Grammar, printed by Rood, at Oxford, in 1483, for the use of Magdalen College School, an account of which first appeared in the *Athenæum* of October 31, 1871. Some more of his poetry is printed in the Oxford "Philaris" of 1485. Tanner assigns to Carmelianus the following promotions: Rector of St. George's, Southwark, 1490; Prebend of York, 1498; Archdeacon of Gloucester, 1511; Prebend of London, 1519. Being in such favor, no wonder that he waxed rich, and that when, in 1522, "an annual grant was made by the Spirituality for the King's personal expenses in France for the recovery of the Crown," the name of "Mr. Petrus Carmelianus" appears among the "Spiritual Persons" for the handsome sum of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* In the Calendar of State Papers, where he is called "Latin Secretary of King Henry the Seventh," mention is made of a letter sent to him from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, thanking him for his services, and promising him favor and reward. On the projected marriage of Prince Charles of Castile with the Princess Mary of England, he wrote a poem in Latin, printed by Pynson, about 1514, of which a unique copy is in the Grenville Library (see *Archæologia*, vol. xviii). In the same library is a manuscript poem on the birth of the Prince of Wales (1486), another copy, beautifully illuminated, being among the royal MSS. in the British Museum. Both are evidently in the handwriting of Carmelianus, the latter being his presentation copy to the king. The argument of this poem is so characteristic of the age that it is worth noting. Almighty God, compassionating

the miserable state of England lacerated with civil war, convoked a meeting of the Saints in Heaven to ask their opinions as to how the long standing dispute between the Houses of York and Lancaster might be composed. The Saints reply that if the Omniscient Deity cared for any of their counsels, no one was better qualified to state how the wars might be terminated than King Henry the Sixth (already in Heaven), who knew the country and the causes of dissension; and they recommend that he should be appealed to. Henry is accordingly called upon to reply to the Supreme Being, and proposes that the two houses should be united so as to be one house, for which an opportunity then offered by the marriage of the Earl of Richmond with the Princess Elizabeth. The Deity approves and decrees its execution, the marriage takes place, and the poem terminates with an exhortation to England to rejoice on account of the prince's birth. Carmelianus died August 18th, 1527; John de Giglis, Bishop of Worcester, in 1497, his contemporary and countryman, also employed Caxton to print Indulgences.

P. S.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Bond, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, I am enabled to add the following particulars. Reg. MS. 12 A xxix, contains important statements concerning Carmelianus. In the dedication to Edward, Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward V.), dated from the Roll's House, 7 April, 1482, he says that for the previous ten years he had been travelling about the world, having very lately arrived in England with the intention of proceeding to Germany and Switzerland; but captivated by the pleasantness of the country he had been unable to leave it. He adds that his poem was written to gain the favor of the prince. Whence his title of Poet Laureate was obtained is not known.

THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

A Cincinnati paper gives the following specimen of what is to be the Bible of the Future. It is hoped that the whole work will be finished and ready for publication by about the same time when the two Revising Companies in England will have completed their task:

GENESIS: CHAPTER II.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.
4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.
5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.
6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat coozoon, and coozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.
7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.
8. And earthy atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.
9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.
10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca; and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.
11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.
12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oreodon.
13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian, and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadae in all their tribes.
14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrhine monkey.
15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.
16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.
17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.
18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochton, the terragem—these are the generations of primeval man.
19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.
20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.
21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

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22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.

THE STATE LIBRARY OF VIRGINIA.

A GLANCE AT ITS PAINTINGS AND STATUES.

BY "LOUNGER."

We reprint the following article, from the *Evening Post*, on the portraits of Virginian worthies which now adorn the walls of this library.

Pater Patriæ comes first, with two portraits, one a veritable Stuart, and the other outlined by him, but finished by a favorite pupil. They give the Washington that we are familiar with, and whom we should recognize anywhere, should it ever be our lot to meet him.

Next comes the great Confederate General, Robert Edward Lee. This is a life-size picture, painted with admirable art and fidelity by John A. Elder, of this city, whose historical picture of "The Battle of the Crater," at Petersburg, and other works, have won him deserved reputation as an artist. Lee is represented in citizen's dress, standing, turned slightly to the left, with his right hand thrust into his breast, his noble form and heroic features being well delineated and as if instinct with life. It is a most truthful portrait, and is executed in all its details with care and skill. The State paid the artist six hundred dollars for it.

Elder also painted the striking likeness of the gentle and scholarly John R. Thompson, which we see here. An accomplished man of letters, a poet and critic of exquisite taste, he has left no individual work to immortalize his name. His merits were absorbed in journalism. For a long time he edited the *Southern Literary Messenger* here, and he died a valued member of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*.

Patrick Henry, the renowned Revolutionary orator, painted by Sully, catches and fastens the eye with its eager, acute and *bizarre* expression. Henry was first Governor of the State of Virginia in 1776, and was again elected to that office in 1784. This is not an original portrait, but is painted from a miniature. In it he is represented in the act of speaking, with his spectacles thrown up on his head, and having a scarlet cloak around his shoulders.

Alexander Spotswood became Lieutenant and Acting Governor of the colony of Virginia in 1710, filling the office for twelve years. He has the bold and jolly face of a valiant soldier and *bon vivant*, surmounted and surrounded by a frizzed and flowing flaxen wig. His coat is scarlet and his waistcoat and

breeches are buff, with lace and ruffles according to the style of the period. He founded the Virginian Order of the Golden Horse-Shoe Knights in honor of the first crossing of the mountains of Virginia, which he, with a party of gentlemen, accomplished in 1716, the rocky nature of the country traversed making it necessary to have their horses shod. The badge of this order was a golden horse-shoe, with the motto: "Sic Juvat transcendere montes."

There is also a portrait of Mrs. Spotswood, wife of the Governor, a buxom lady, in a low-necked dress, having a long, pointed waist.

Accompanying these is a portrait of a soldier in armor, said by descendants of Governor Spotswood, now living in Virginia, to be a likeness of General Elliott, a brother of Mrs. Spotswood, who served under Marlborough. It is known that Spotswood served gallantly with Marlborough before coming to Virginia, but it is said that nowhere in Marlborough's campaign can there be found an officer of any note named Elliott. It has a striking resemblance to current pictures of Marlborough, and is believed by many to be an original portrait of that great soldier. It is not known who painted either of these three pictures.

A portrait of John Randolph, of Roanoke, was presented to the State by Mr. Herman Blecker of New York. By what artist it was done is not mentioned. Robert Brooke, who was Governor of the State in 1794, is painted from a miniature by William L. Sheppard. W. H. Cabell, Governor in 1805, is painted from a miniature by F. J. Fisher. There is a well executed portrait of John Tyler, Sr., who was Governor in 1808; but by what artist is unknown. The lamented William B. Myers, a Richmond artist, who was cut off in his prime, contributes the portrait of George W. Smith, Governor in 1811, from an old miniature. There is a life-like portrait of James Barbour, Governor in 1812, by some unknown artist. A fine likeness of John Tyler, Jr., Governor in 1825, and afterwards President of the United States, is by Hart, of Kentucky, and represents him in the act of vetoing the United States Bank bill. There are also a bust of President Tyler, by Volke; a portrait of William B. Giles, who was Governor in 1827; a portrait of John Floyd, Governor in 1830; a portrait of John B. Floyd, son of John Floyd, Governor in 1849, and Secretary of War of the United States in the administration of President Buchanan; a portrait of Thomas W. Gilmer, Governor in 1840, afterwards Secretary of War under President Tyler, being killed by the explosion of a gun on board the Princeton; a portrait of John Rutherford, Governor in 1841, by William B. Myers; a portrait of William Smith ("Extra Billy"), Governor in 1846 and in 1864, by Porter, Culpepper county, Va.; a portrait of Joseph Johnson, a native of the State of New York, Governor in 1852, being the first Governor elected for four years (he was first elected by the General Assembly for a brief unexpired term, and then by the people for the full term. This is by John A. Elder); a portrait of John Letcher, the famous Confederate war-Governor of Virginia, elected in 1860 and serving until the 1st of January, 1864 (this is also painted by Elder); a portrait of Littleton Waller Tazewell, Governor in 1834; a portrait of Gilbert C. Walker, a native of

Binghamton, N. Y., elected Governor in 1869, and just elected to Congress from this metropolitan district (the picture is not a faithful likeness, and is by F. J. Fisher); a portrait of Fielding Lewis, a noted patriot of the Revolutionary war, and an enlightened agriculturist, whose writings are still consulted; a portrait of Peter Lyons, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Virginia; a portrait of Joseph C. Cabell, a friend and correspondent of Thomas Jefferson, and the first president of the James River and Kanawha Canal Company; a portrait of General Philip St. George Cooke; a portrait of United States Senator W. H. Roane; a portrait of Abel P. Upshur, a member of President Tyler's Cabinet, killed on board the Princeton by the explosion of a gun; a portrait of John Taylor, "of Caroline," a Virginia politician of great note in his day, who presented Madison's famous resolutions of 1798-99 in the legislature. He was the author of several works that once attracted much attention, although now almost forgotten. These are: "New Views of the Constitution," "Tyranny Unmasked," "An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government," "Arator; a series of Practical and Political Essays on Agriculture," &c. He was the ablest expounder, if not the founder, of the States Rights school of politics. There is also an expressive portrait of Chief Justice John Marshall, by Inman. In addition to these, there are engravings of Jefferson Davis, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others.

There is a marble bust of General J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry officer, by E. V. Valentine, of this city, who is now engaged on a recumbent effigy of R. E. Lee, in Vermont marble, for the grave at Lexington, Va. Valentine also contributes to the library-room busts of Matthew F. Maury, the distinguished scientist; Robert Burns, Scotland's poet, and the "Nation's Ward"—all in clay. The last represents a grinning little darkey, with an old United States military cap cocked on one side of his head, a ragged shirt, and trousers upheld by one knotted suspender.

In the hall of the House of Delegates there is a full-length portrait of Thomas Jefferson, but it is not known who painted it. In the same hall is a full-length portrait of Lord Chatham, painted by Charles Wilson Peale. In 1766 a number of gentlemen of Westmoreland county, Virginia, desiring a portrait of Lord Camden, sent over a sum of money to secure one. Lord Camden at first consented to sit, but afterwards declined, on the ground that his office, that of Lord Chancellor, was a political as well as a judicial one. Resolved to have a portrait of some prominent friend of America, this of Lord Chatham was obtained. It was finally presented by the county of Westmoreland to the State on condition that it should be carefully preserved.

In the rotunda is the marble statue of Washington by Houdon. In a niche of the rotunda is a bust of Lafayette, one of two executed by Houdon for the State, the other being presented with great ceremony, through Mr. Jefferson, to the city of Paris.

In Capitol Square, in full view from the west windows of the library-room, is the equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford, who also executed several of the figures which surround it—some of these being done by Randolph Rogers. These fig-

ures, or statues (all being of bronze), are of Jefferson, Lewis, Henry, Mason, etc. In the southwestern part of the Square stands a marble statue of Henry Clay, by Hart, of Kentucky.

The library, besides its books, maps, historical records, etc., has many relics and mementoes of Colonial, Revolutionary and Confederate times, including autograph letters, etc.

[We have elsewhere noted the decease of Senator Wynne, the Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Virginia Historical Society. The duties of those offices have been undertaken by Mr. R. A. Brock, who accepted them in the following terms.—ED.:

409 EAST CANAL STREET,

RICHMOND, VA., April 12th, 1875.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, announcing that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Virginia Historical Society, held on the 9th instant, I was elected the Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Society.

Being profoundly sensible of the importance of the trust with which the gentlemen of the committee have been pleased to distinguish me, I would yet be recreant to my instincts as a reverential son of my honored old Mother, her glory, her history, and her institutions, did I hesitate to convey to you at once a signification of my hearty acceptance of the honorable post designated, which I beg leave to do, with the request that you will, in my behalf, tender to the gentlemen of the committee assurances of a most earnest desire on my part to advance the interests of the Society, with an unreserved pledge of the most diligent and active efforts towards a consummation of that reputation and prosperity which so important a conservator and exponent of the Old Dominion imperatively demand.

But, being keenly impressed with a knowledge of my inexperience in the duties of such a position, I must beg of my conferees not only their forbearance, but a whole-souled co-operation.

If we will but determine, severally and conjointly, upon an unflinching effort, we may venture to hope for an assurance of such a resuscitation of the Society as its most sanguine supporters may desire.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, very sincerely and faithfully yours,

R. A. BROCK.

G. A. BARKSDALE, Esq.,

Recording Secretary Virginia Historical Society.]

Artist Longevity.—The lives of artists have been in many instances so prolonged that it may be accepted as good evidence that art as a profession is conducive to longevity. Michel Angelo worked vigorously, painting, sculpturing, making architectural designs, and writing sonnets, until his death, at the age of ninety-one; while Titian painted steadily until he was near a hundred, one of his best portraits being a head of himself, painted past the age of ninety, and supposed to have been painted at the age of ninety-nine. Tintoretto died at eighty-four; but Paris boasts of an artist, Baron de Waldeck, who leaves the great Italian artist far in his rear. He recently celebrated his 109th birthday, is still in good health, works eight to ten hours in his studio daily, and has a son living but twenty-four years of age.

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GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

(Cont. from Vol. VI., page 165.)

V.—PORTRAITS AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Pepys gives a lively picture of the popularity of Sir Peter Lely, and of the grandeur of his establishment, showing, one is inclined to think, that the fashionable painter was not one disposed to "hide his light under a bushel."

"1662, June 18. I walked to Lilly's the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchesse of York [Anne Hyde, daughter of the Chancellor], her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white satin; and another of the King's, that is not finished; most rare things. I did give the fellow something that showed them to us, and promised to come some other time, and he would show me Lady Castlemaine's, which I could not then see, it being locked up. Thence to Wright's the painters: but, Lord! the difference that is between their two works."

"Oct. 20.—With Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's the great painter, who come forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much admired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and one that I must have a copy of."

But these painters, revelling in the luxury of the eye, know how to live when they have the power of living. See how Lucas Van Leyden lived in Holland! Holbein, Leonardo, Titian, Raffaele, Rubens, all kept good houses and good tables; and Van Dyck had set Lely an example of state and "*savoir vivre*" in England. Van Dyck had a house at Blackfriars as well as a residence at Eltham, and the King used frequently to visit him at his studio, watching him paint, and conversing freely with him.

He was a man of expensive tastes, and appears to have lived in great style. Of his mode of working and general habits as regards his business, De Piles, on the authority of Jabac, gives the following account:—

"Having made appointments with his sitters, he never worked more than an hour at each portrait, whether sketching it or finishing it, and when the clock warned him the hour was over, he rose, made a bow to his sitter, to intimate that enough had been done for that day, and made arrangements for another sitting. Then his servants came to clean his brushes, and brought him another palette, ready for the next sitter. He thus worked at many portraits in one day, and with extraordinary rapidity. Having slightly sketched a portrait, he placed his sitter in the attitude he had previously arranged, and with black and white chalk, on grey paper, he sketched the figure and dress, which he designed in a grand style, and with exquisite taste. This drawing he gave to able assistants, who afterwards copied it, with the help of the dresses lent, at his request, by his sitter. When his pupils had painted, to the best of their ability, the drapery in the picture, Vandyke touched lightly over it, and in a very short time, with his knowledge, produced the truth and art which we admire in his pictures. For the hands, he had in his employ people of both sexes who served him as models."*

The memoirs of Reynolds and other artists give similar interesting memorials of their habits. To these generally we must refer, but we cannot resist adding a few notes here as to the artists of the Vandyck and Lely period. In Walpole's account of Mrs. Beale are some curious particulars re-

* Mr. Carpenter, in his Memoir of Van Dyck (p. 73), says: "In the State Paper Office there is a return made of all the aliens residing in London in 1634, and amongst those in the Blackfriars we find, 'Dutch—Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Limner, 2 years, 6 servants.'—These 'servants' were probably his pupils or assistants from Holland, or perhaps his 'models.'"

specting the practice of painters in the 17th century. Mr. Beale made all sorts of entries in pocket-books, seven of which came into the possession of George Vertue. In one of these Mrs. Beale's husband records the visit of Mr. Lely, Mr. Gibson (probably the Dwarf, who was a painter), and Mr. Skepwith, to see various copies of pictures she had made; and then is this curious entry:

"Mr. Lely told me at the same time, as he was most studiously looking at my bishop's picture of Vandyke's, and I chanced to ask him how Sir Anthony cou'd possibly devise to finish in one day a face that was so exceedingly full of work, and wrought up to so extraordinary a perfection—'I believe,' said he, 'he painted it fourteen times;' and upon that he took occasion to speake of Mr. Nicholas Lanière's picture of Sir Anto. V. D. doing, which, said he, Mr. Lanière himself told me he satt seaven entire dayes for it to Sir Anto. and that he painted upon it of all those seaven dayes, both morning and afternoon, and only intermitted the time they were at dinner. And he said likewise that tho' Mr. Lanière sat so often and so long for his picture, he was not permitted so much as once to see it, till he had perfectly finished the face to his own satisfaction. This was the picture, which being show'd to King Charles the First, caused him to give order that V. Dyck shou'd be sent for over into England."

This picture seems to have been purchased by the King for £10, and at the dispersion of the Royal Pictures, to have been bought by M. Lanière for the same sum. In these pocket-books we may trace the progress of Sir P. Lely in painting a portrait. "24 April, 1672. My most worthy friend, Dr. Tillotson, sat to Mr. Lely for his picture for me, and another for Dr. Cradock. He drew them first in chalk rudely, and afterwards in colours, and rubbed upon that a little colour, very thin in places, for the shadows, and laid a touch of light upon the heightening of the forehead. He had done them both in an hour's time" [*i. e.*, the first sitting]. "5 June. Dr. Tillotson sat about three hours to Mr. Lely for him to lay in a dead colour of his picture for me. He, apprehending the colour of the cloth upon which he painted was too light, before he began to lay on the flesh colour, he glazed the whole

place where the face and hair were drawn in a color over thin, with Cullen's earth [Cologne earth], and a little boun black [bone black], as he told us, made very thin with varnish." [Perhaps turpentine, or varnish thinned with turpentine?]

"20 June. My most worthy friend, Dr. Tillotson, sat in the morning about three hours to Mr. Lely, the picture he is doing for me. This is the third setting."

"1 Aug. Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely about three hours for the picture he is doing for me. This is the fourth time, and I believe he will paint it (at least touch it) over again. His manner in the painting of this picture, this time especially, seem'd strangely different both to myself and my dearest heart [Mrs. Beale], from his manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This we thought was a more concealed, misterious, scanty way of painting than the way he used formerly, which wee both thought was a far more open and free, and much more was to be observed and gain'd from seeing him paint then, than my heart cou'd with her most careful marking, learn from his painting either this, or Dr. Cradock's picture." Lely would seem to have done these pictures, and to have allowed the Beales to take lessons by seeing him work, in payment for some colours, lake and ultramarine, of Beale's preparation, had the preceding August, 1661. One parcel of ultramarine was at £2 10s per oz.—but another, the richest, was priced £4 10s per oz. There are other entries of exchanges of colors for portraits.

Reverting to Pepys we get more details respecting Lely.

"1666, Ap. 18. To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all began, of the flaggmens in the late great fight with the Duke of York against the Dutch [to which Waller's verses, given previously, have reference]. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Askue's, Sir Thomas Tiddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir William Barkley, Sir Thomas Allen, and Captain Narmans, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Pen's and Sir Jeremy Smith's. I was very well satisfied with

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this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house."

"May 18. Thence with Sir W. Pen home, calling at Lilly's to have a time appointed when to be drawn among the other Commanders of Flags the last year's fight. And so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him to come between seven and eight in the morning."

1667, March 25. Called at Mr. Lilly's, who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced: but a mighty proud man he is and full of state."

No one should grumble at these long extracts. They are so full of life that it is like living in the reign of Charles II. to read them. To say that Sir Peter Lely was much patronized and lived in great state, is to say little though we mean much. But to walk with Mr. Pepys on Oct. 20, 1662, to Mr. Lilly's, and to see his table so grandly spread for "himself alone," is to have an idea of state indeed! We shall therefore add a few more of these literary and artistic delights, conscious that if any artists do us the honour to read this "gossip," they would not wish a scrap left out.

"1660, Oct. 9. To White Hall where I went to my Lord [Sandwich] and saw in his chamber his picture, very well done [most probably the picture by Lely, engraved by Blooteling—a very fine print too], and am with child* till I get it copied, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea."

"1664, July 15. Thence with Creed to St. James's, and missing Mr. Coventry, to White Hall; where staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chayre-room Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her ears, having her picture taking there. There was the King and twenty more I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in the dress seemed to be."

"1664, Aug. 26. To see some pictures at one Huysman's, a picture-drawer, a Dutchman, which is said to exceed Lilly, and indeed there is both of the Queenes

and Maids of Honour (particularly Mrs. Stewart's in a buff doublet like a soldier's*) as good pictures I think as ever I saw. The Queen is drawn in one like a sheepherdess, in the other like St. Katherine,† most like and most admirably. I was mightily pleased with this sight indeed."

Frances Stewart (though sufficiently gay, and sometimes sleeping with the Countess of Castlemaine) seems to have preserved her virtue in the loose court of Charles II. Escaping from the King's addresses she married the Duke of Richmond, and thenceforward shunned the Court, though frequently solicited by Charles to appear there again. She was eminently beautiful, but did not shine as a wit, which, when we reflect on what was then held to be wit, is perhaps to her credit. The medallist Roettiers is said by Walpole to have been desperately in love with her, but not being so fortunate as Apelles in a similar case, contented himself by repeating her portrait as Britannia on his medals. One of these is engraved by Vertue in Fenton's Edition of Waller's Poems—the poet having made a poor epigram upon it. A few words from Pepys are worth all the conceits in Waller's verses on this medal.

"1666-7, Feb. 25.—At my goldsmiths did observe the king's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

Of the medals by Roettiers, Mr. Slingsby made a collection at the time which was the best in England. He offered them to Pepys, and in his letter (printed by Lord Braybrooke, vol. v. 132) is a list with the prices. Those with the Britannia are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
The Great Britannia, with Felicitas			
Britannia	4	10	0
The New Britannia, with Nullum			
numen abest	2	3	0
The First Britannia, with Favente			
Deo	1	9	0

Walpole's letters abound with curious particulars respecting portraits, and his own and other collections, and a budget of mere extracts from these letters and from other

*A favorite expression of Mr. Secy. Pepys to express his longing for anything.

* At Kensington Palace?

† Engraved by Sherwin, and in mezzo, by Tompson.

similar memoirs on this subject—a kind of “Ana” of portraits—would form a most useful work of reference, if well arranged and indexed. Take, for example, the following extracts respecting Crebillon the younger and his portrait:—“You know my passion for the writings of the younger Crebillon: you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how one must be humbled to have one’s favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crebillon and Marivaux for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard’s price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crebillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crebillon was humble, ‘unworthy,’ obliged: and sat. The picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and have an answer. Crebillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.”* In this expectation Walpole seems to have been disappointed. In a later letter he writes, “Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux’s picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of Marianne, though it is reckoned extremely like; the counterpane is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what ‘mishap’ I had

with Crebillon’s portrait; he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it!” The angry Collector cannot however resist recording a witty repartee of the man who had so annoyed him—“His father one day in a passion with him, said, ‘Il y a deux choses que je voudrais n’avoir jamais fait, mon Catiline et vous.’ He answered, ‘Consolez vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n’avez fait ni l’un ni l’autre!’”

(To be continued.)

BOOKS WANTED.

SHELLEY, P. B.—Alastor. Crown 8vo, London: Baldwin, 1816.

SHELLEY, P. B.—Adonais, small 4to, Pisa, 1821.

MANUSCRIPTS, ETC., RELATING TO SHELLEY AND BYRON.

Wanted by—C. W. Frederickson, box 242, Post Office, New York.

CLEVELAND, C. DEXTER.—Lyra Americana.

SANDERSON, JOHN.—Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. Vols. 1 and 5. 8vo, Philadelphia: Pomeroy, 1823.

ALLIBONE, S. A.—Dictionary of Authors. Vols. 2 and 3. 4to. To complete set, of which Vol. 1 ends at JYL, page 1005, edition 1859.

WORKS ON STENOGRAPHY, OR SHORT HAND.

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BLACKER’S ANGLING.

HAMERTON’S Etchings and Etchers. 1841.

Wanted by—J. Sabin & Sons, 84 Nassau street, New York.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return communications which, for any reason, we do not print; and to this rule we can make no exception.

To all communications should be affixed the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Several subscribers having written respecting the non-appearance of a *January* number, we again inform our readers that the *BIBLIOPOLIST* is now a *bi-monthly* and will be always published in February, April, June, August, October and December.

Advertisements inserted in the *BIBLIOPOLIST* at the following rates: Page, \$16.00; half page, \$9.00; quarter page, \$5.00; eighth page, \$3.00. Slip circulars and continuous Advertisements, at special rates.

Editorial Communications should be addressed to “The Editors”—Advertisements and Business Letters to “The Publishers,” American Bibliopolist Office, 84 Nassau street, New York.

* Letter to Sir Horace Mann.—July 27, 1752.